THE COMMONWEAL

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THE RETURN TO THE SUN

SO MANY, and so grave, are the incidents recorded in the newspapers as this issue of THE COMMONWEAL goes to press, that any effort to understand them correctly, and to judge their immediate effects, still more to see their ultimate results, seems utterly futile. The crisis in England, with Parliament assembled to drive through the dictatorial decrees of the Cabinet of the coalition government suspending the gold standard, is the central point of a vast complex of economic, political and social problems affecting the whole world. Germany's financial circles, already staggering under their almost crushing burdens, were struck by the news from London, the *Times* correspondent tells us, as with "a bolt from the blue"—a somewhat old-fashioned figure of speech, indeed, but in times like these, old-fashioned ideas, and the words which convey their meaning, have a tendency to return to men's minds. At any rate, to pursue the image further, Germany behaved, as the new storm broke, as our Western farmers do when a cyclone comes: they took to their storm cellars by closing all the stock exchanges and money markets, believing that "the Bank of England's action was an SOS to all capitalistic countries warning them that the existing currency system was in imminent danger." Geneva, center of the League of Nations, and now one of the most sensitive nerve spots, so to speak, of the interwoven political, economic and social interests of the world, was profoundly shocked, the cable news ran, and, like an individual when suffering from shock, the composite voice of Geneva, as reported, spoke in very uncertain tones, expressing deep confusion of mind. So, too, with the reports from Washington, from New York financial centers, from Amsterdam, from Paris and elsewhere.

High financial authorities in many places welcomed the announcement, giving reasons for their faith that ultimately the English plan would lead to a solution of the worst of the entangled financial problems of the whole world of trade, and lead gradually yet surely to a better, because a more stable, set of conditions. Sir Donald Maclean, interviewed by an English newspaper, some time before the startling change of England's financial system, seems to be one of those financial authorities who takes an optimistic view, but *G. K.'s Weekly* quotes him under the rubric, "Bad News," as follows: "It fell to me to be in hourly touch with those splendid men who are shaping the destinies of the nation through that great national institution, the

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Bank of England. They make no speeches and very few of you even know their names." What *G. K.'s Weekly* considers bad news, as Sir Donald Maclean considers it good, is of course the fact, which daily now becomes more evident, that what statesmen and politicians and newspaper reporters and editorial writers have to say about public affairs is pretty nearly always mere froth and spindrift of personal opinion—or mere propaganda—and that the real powers who are handling, or mishandling, the economic and political and social business of humanity, are men who make no speeches, and few of whom are even known to the masses of men and women whose destinies are really in their hands. If anything at all seems certain and definite in our confused society today, it is that the bankers of the world are controllers of—or seek to control—the supreme temporal power in all of the Western nations which still maintain any semblance of democratic government.

Italy may be an exception, a doubtful one; but everywhere else no government can function, nor orderly system of industry can prevail, without direct or indirect control by the controllers of finance. This is not said in condemnation, nor in approval, nor necessarily in alarm. It may be that in attaining power over the greatest of powers, the men of finance are proven to be of superior metal as leaders. It may be that they are of greater competence to use their power for human welfare than are professional politicians and academical sociologists and economists or newspaper writers or humanitarian preachers.

At any rate, the truth is apparent, that if any one class is clearly dominant, it is their class. The bankers of New York and Paris may not have dictated to the English Labor government the exact terms upon which money would be loaned to support the Bank of England, but they did not need to be crudely harsh: the facts of the money situation, not theories, were in their hands, like cards whose value compelled them to win the game—they did not need to play them, only to display them. The whole Western system of society now depends upon the further action of the bankers of the great Western nations. Upon their wisdom, upon their patriotism, upon their possession, or lack, of ethical principles, now depends the fate of Western civilization. There can be no further question as to where the chief power in modern life is really lodged. But a more important question remains to be answered: namely, are the principles upon which in the final analysis all other lesser things depend, which inevitably will direct the policies of the bankers, broad enough, strong enough, true enough, to oblige them to use their power for the common good?

That question will be answered soon. Meanwhile, it may not be too fanciful to compare this recognition of the realities of the world situation to what has just occurred in another sphere of our activities—to our return to the reality of our time. Daylight saving is over. We have given up our agreement to call ten o'clock eleven o'clock, and so on, behaving for purposes of convenience as though we were one hour ahead of the true time. Now we return to the sun. We discard a convention. We face the winter and its tasks, vacations and recreations over, accepting reality. If we not only return thus to the sun as the dark days come upon us, but also to the Maker of that dial in the sky, and in His light face our problems, we need not fear that bankers, still less politicians, or editorial writers, will keep us permanently in a state of illusion, or will succeed in leading us utterly astray.

WEEK BY WEEK

Mr. Hoover and a Moratorium

WE WERE interested in a despatch by Mr. Richard Oulahan to the New York *Times* for September 16, in which Mr. Hoover's attitude toward a "new step forward" is set forth with apparent candor. It is common knowledge that Mr. Oulahan's feet tread the White House rugs with greater assurance than any other journalist's; and the guess is good that what those feet bore out into the open on this occasion is the real information. Sundry bankers have made an effort to induce the President to extend the moratorium over a longer period. The report is that "the President has determined to make no new proposal along that line." We now ask why, and the Oulahan report tells us that "political affairs" being what they are in Europe, no economic measures adopted by the United States would produce results. The chief of these "affairs" is the Franco-German disagreement, and the report goes on to say that while some hopeful steps have been taken, "the impression seems to prevail" in Washington that "an agreement which would give promise of marked improvement in the European situation is not in sight." This "impression" must hail from Mr. Stimson, who was catapulted abroad for the purpose of getting it. If so, what becomes of the said Mr. Stimson's optimistic interview? Hokum or haste? Perhaps he really didn't know what he thought until the illuminating shadows of the White House had been flung round about him.

NOW IT is unwise to suggest that European political problems are none of our business. They are, if only for the reason that the efficiency of our credit structure depends on what happens overseas. The bankers are right when they see that security values—and therewith half of the business done in this country and throughout the world generally—depend on what happens to enterprises and properties on the Continent. These bankers, to be sure, are interested in their own business, and it may be fairly alleged that during recent years they expanded too far and managed too poorly. But now is not the time to throw them overboard, though dozens of wild-cat strategists are demanding as much. We need to consider whether, at this juncture, their business may be ours. The United

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States has to do what it can to get over a crisis which threatens to paralyze the sources of bread and butter for many more millions than are at present eating free sandwiches. If the only avenue open to us is to wait until the French and Germans sing duets, we are in for a good long stretch of loafing. The cause of extreme German nationalism is poverty; the cause of French resistance to international conciliation is German nationalism. One cause as well as the other waned as soon as the moratorium appeared. The lesson seems obvious. The program is this: somebody please push Mr. Hoover once again!

Mr. Swope's Idea

IF THE plan for industrial stabilization which Mr. Gerard Swope urged upon the United States in a recent New York address were championed enthusiastically, a quite different economic world from that we know would emerge. Briefly speaking, the idea is to socialize industry on a national basis without using the government as the effective agent. There would be a central administrative group, empowered to standardize management and to coördinate demand and consumption; a new sharing of responsibility between employers and workers, with resultant old-age and unemployment pensions for all; and elimination of the several states as powers endowed to regulate business. In a sense, a scheme of this character would out-cartel the European cartels, and attain very much the same end as that envisaged by German economic theory, but without the application of political authority or motives. This difference need not surprise us. American industry is much better equipped, both ideologically and practically, to manage its own affairs than is a European productive complex. Nevertheless, the point remains that the final objective is much the same in both cases. When a man as intelligent as Mr. Swope proposes such an idea, and when another man as able as Mr. Owen D. Young endorses it, the nation can well afford to sit up and take notice. If they are right, we face vastly different social and economic problems than most of us bothered about even five years ago. We are, however, sceptical regarding the ultimate outcome of the proposal. If industry got behind Mr. Swope and recognized in him qualities of magnificent leadership, all would be well. But the normal tenor of our national thinking will not change easily. Having looked to Washington for generations, it will be difficult for many to imagine that safety lies closer home.

Clouds in the Orient

AS WE go to press, the Sino-Japanese situation is in such an unsettled condition that it is impossible to determine whether there is to be war or a long-drawn-out obscuring of the facts by subtle diplomatic palavers. Japan meanwhile is in possession of Mukden, and the efficiency and despatch with which her troops on the Manchurian peninsula carried out the operation has for an American a marked similarity to United States Marines operating in Nicaragua. Seventy-one Chinese soldiers were killed, while there was an unreported number wounded, whereas the Japanese lost but one soldier and two were wounded. Poor China has been seething with civil war for so long that the consequent confusion and breakdown of local branches of government and the guerrilla movement of troops and plain brigandage may well have provoked an imperialism in the name of law and order on the part of Japan which she can say with ample justification she learned from the white man. Japan, with the anomalous logic familiar under the circumstances, claims that Chinese ill-will toward her because of her military presence in China, provokes her to strengthen this military preparedness. Her vested financial interest in the South Manchuria Railway, and more, in the commerce of which this is an artery, gives Japan realistic reasons for her activity. Beyond this, there are observers who suspect her of intentions to seize the whole of Southern Manchuria. In spite of the League of Nations and the Kellogg-Briand pact, of which both China and Japan are signatories, Japan would seem now to be in a favorable position for furthering her long evident aspirations.

Attorney-Generals on Crime

A NATIONAL and a state official recently delivered radio addresses which might well set the key of salutary public thinking on the subject of crime. This is not to imply that there was startlingly original material in either speech. It is not a startlingly original angle on this problem which will solve it; it is rather the resolute putting into effect of the truths about responsible and incorruptible justice, of which we already stand possessed. United States Attorney-General Mitchell defined state and local responsibility in the matter of detecting, punishing and preventing serious infractions of the law, and stigmatized with deserved severity the growing tendency of communities to shunt this responsibility in the general direction of the federal government. We recently spoke of this in connection with the minors now held in federal prisons for taking stolen cars across state borders: an offense which has most mischievously and illogically come under federal jurisdiction for the almost mechanical reason that interstate agreements would be needed to deal with it properly, and interstate agreements are hard to arrive at. Attorney-General Mitchell pointed out that the constitution does not invest the national government with the tasks which specific localities are increasingly foisting on it, and gave a most convincing analysis of the inefficiency and extravagance resulting when it is forced to assume them.

AS IF to supplement this excellent statement, the Attorney-General of New York State, John J. Bennett, spoke a few days later upon a more special, but perhaps even more vital, problem: the necessity for speedy trials. Conceding the right of full defense,

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he nevertheless expressed concern at the paradox, developed under pressure of high-salaried legal ingenuity, that "we spend so much of our time defending the rights of the accused and so little protecting the interests of the community." His list of the "glaring defects in the criminal law" which make this delay possible, is instructive: "numerous applications for bail made to justices sitting in distant parts of the state, motions for changes of venue with indefinite stays, lack of elasticity in the selection of jurors, surprise alibi defenses, the nature of which the state could not have foreseen; . . . legal rules which prohibit a prosecuting attorney from commenting on the refusal of a defendant to testify in his own behalf and which preclude a judge from analyzing the evidence or discussing the character of witnesses at the trial." This is so direct and so definite that it is heartening, in spite of what it lays bare. It is those with expert knowledge who must take the lead, and constitute the rallying points of that "aroused public opinion" desiderated by Attorney-General Mitchell. When Mr. Bennett says that a beginning can be made of meeting "the insolent challenge of modern crime and the viciousness of present-day criminals," by "eradicating from the criminal law many of its absurdities," he is talking the same concrete common sense as Attorney-General Mitchell in recommending the states to shoulder their burden.

Prohibition Omens

THE BOOMING of big guns along the prohibition front has been particularly noticeable during the past week or so. The American Bar Association's two to one vote for repeal is impressive, or by rights should be. The professional ethics of the association are of a high order, and it may be assumed that it is a body which represents an intelligent, social-minded interest in the good of the United States as a whole. Even the most unreasonable prohibitionist would either have to admit this, or else assert that the United States is a hopeless morass of corruption and degeneracy and everyone else in the country a fool or a knave except his own sacrosanct sect. No body of men with highly trained faculties of perception, has had, or could have, better opportunity than the lawyers of the nation to observe the working out of the prohibition laws. The president of the association brought to light a letter by George Washington to the First Continental Congress in which Washington suggested the erection of public distilleries—a plan which the advocates of repeal now generally favor because of the ease of supervision which would thus be permitted, and because of the large revenue which would accrue to the government from the highly lucrative business, revenue for the support of law and order which now goes entirely into the war chests of the swelling army of outlaws and criminals, while the law-abiding are taxed for a total suppression which does not even moderately suppress and which has proved to be an unparalleled corrupter of supposed public servants.

SHORTLY before the action of the Bar Association, a notable report emanated from Washington, and was fairly well substantiated though it was denied by Mr. Hoover's boy chorus of deniers and special interpreters. This report was that members of the advisory council of the Federal Reserve Board, representing each of the twelve Federal Reserve Districts, urged President Hoover to recommend to Congress the legalizing of 3 percent beer as an aid to restoring business and increasing government revenue. This is action which the American Federation of Labor has long been advocating and is now most vigorously fighting for, not only for the reasons mentioned by the bankers, but also because the federation believe a cool glass of good beer at a reasonable price is a harmless amenity of life. Apropos of this last point, our friends on *America* in the leading editorial in the September 19 issue, see prohibition as the work not of Puritans, who were themselves hale and hearty consumers of spirits, but the work of neo-Manichaeans. Stating the prevailing Catholic position with admirable clarity and force, *America* says: "Sin consists not in the use of any creature of God, but in using it in a manner contrary to right reason. The man who drinks wine in moderation is as blameless as his brother, temperate in his use of milk and bread. We can glorify God when we praise Him for a glass of beer, quite as truly as we can glorify Him on our knees in a cathedral. But we most assuredly do not please Him by proscribing beer as evil in itself, and glowering at our brother, who, after a hard day's labor, finds a little of that comfort which, as Saint Thomas teaches, is necessary for the practice of virtue, in a foaming glass." The day after the bankers' talk to President Hoover, the Women's Organization for National Prohibition Reform announced that its membership had increased by 55,000 since last April, and that its total membership was now 355,000, which compared well with the last reported membership of 383,000 of the W. C. T. U. Seemingly the only consolation to the drys in the period under review was the return to these shores of Bishop Cannon.

Loose, Bottled—or None at All?

THE SITUATION in New York City's milk market is perplexing and disturbing. This indispensable commodity is sold here in two ways, loose and bottled. The loose milk is obviously exposed to contamination, whatever care is taken in handling it—but it is relatively cheaper, and uncounted New Yorkers are more than relatively poor. The bottled milk is pure—but it is also dear. A series of tests recently made by the city Health Department showed that a very high percentage of the samples of loose milk taken throughout the city, actually carried *bacillus coli*: not a highly dangerous germ, it is true, but indubitably a germ. What follows? If loose milk is withdrawn from sale, thousands of budgets now strained to the cracking point will have to take in the new item of bottled milk: and thousands of children

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in families one degree poorer than that, will have to go without any milk at all. Can the price of bottled milk be brought down? Naturally there is a strong body of interested opinion which says it cannot, affirming that the machinery of selection and sterilization which keeps it pure also necessarily keeps its cost up. There is something in this, of course, but the margin between what the farmer gets who owns and milks the cows and what the grocer gets who hands the bottle over the counter, is still so ridiculously large as to support the suspicion that someone somewhere in between is making money. The most recent development is that the loose milk dealers have charged the big bottling companies with using the above-mentioned tests "unfairly" in a deliberate campaign to break up their business and effect a monopoly. Meanwhile, the rickets and malnutrition curves in the health graphs will presumably take a sharp turn upward.

THAT strange nemesis which stalks the world today, the inability of men to find work—strange because it is coupled with almost universal so-called overproduction of commodities—is re-emphasized by a recent report of the European section of the Department of Commerce. It is raised to a relatively distinguishing feature of our epoch in history. Unemployment as a world phenomenon reached proportions at the end of June never before attained in the recorded story of mankind. Ominous and uncomfortable as the actuality is, we can only hope that it will have the cumulative weight which will force its own dispersal. Probably the initial obstacle which it will have to conquer is a mean idea of man which was a product of nineteenth-century scepticism, and of an untrammeling of greed which actually, and naturally, followed upon this scepticism. The idea was that a man would work only if he was haunted by the fear of starvation. The anomaly was that the individuals who most stoutly espoused this theory, were themselves its practical refutation; they were the leaders of industry who easily could have converted their assets into the means for idleness, yet in great preponderance did not. The theory has been so widely preached that no doubt it has infected large numbers of the working class with a disposition to believe it and to act accordingly. The major, saving opposition to it is the sane balance of traditional morality which, not denying man's weakness, believes yet in his perfectability, given the means.

Unemployment Abroad

NEWS from France announcing the demise of the Abbé Alphonse Lugan was not wholly unexpected, since he had been taken so ill during the course of his last trip to the United States that eventual recovery seemed doubtful. Few men have loved the New World from afar so keenly as the abbé did, or retained so much of their affection after knowing it intimately at first hand. He felt that the position of the Church in America was to be sincerely envied by European Catholics, who could not rid themselves of historical ties and ideologies unsuited to the contemporary age. Thus inevitably the abbé became, many years ago, one of the stanchest advocates of democratic government and one of the most intrepid enemies of l'Action Française. He always insisted, however, with a mixture of humility and of humor so native to his implacable meridional mind, that he had been in no way responsible for the condemnation of Maurras. Indeed we think he felt sorry for the royalists, though pressing the attack on them with grim vigor. But though the abbé was a pamphleteer and a very good one, he greatly preferred being recognized as the author of a vast treatise on the social spirit of the Gospels, which is as yet far too little known even if one volume has been translated into English. It is natural for us to add that he appeared from the first as a loyal ally to our own purposes, though the outlook of THE COMMONWEAL frequently differed from his. What shall we add, excepting that the Abbé Lugan was a lover of peace who is now at rest, and a fighter who has earned his reward?

The Abbé Lugan

THE MAN IN A CLOTH

GANDHI'S arrival in Europe was by no means his first travel venture. He has been in England twice before, once as a student and again as an ambulance man during war time, and he sandwiched a trip to South Africa in between. This time, however, it is quite a different person who presents himself to civilization—the ultimate Tolstoian, equipped with a loin cloth and a spinning-wheel, but ready to take a prominent part in discussions of one of earth's mightiest problems. Gandhi's coming is in itself evidence that his power and significance have not waned, as many were latterly willing to believe. On the other hand, the argument in favor of his solution of the Indian difficulties has never been weaker. So much must be set forth here, in the interest of keeping America's mind clear regarding the issues involved.

Listening to Gandhi's radio address was an experience, even though the slow delivery coming out of anonymous distance was not impressive and though the ideas advanced were far from new. But the speech did summarize the most important doctrines the Indian leader has sponsored. He holds that freedom, *Swaraj*, can be secured only through spiritual powers of which the most essential is courage. Emphasis upon this virtue seems to be the key to Gandhi's life, which he himself has cultivated through self-purification and more immediately by military service; and his discovery that the highest form of courage is non-resistance is the chief support of his belief that India will be able to secure liberty. His various ethical mandates and his asceticism are suggested by this essential discipline of the self into fearlessness. But why freedom? The case Gandhi makes is partly spiritual, of course. He

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feels that the presence of the British undermines loyalty to his conception of religion. On the other hand, however, he is motivated by social concerns. There are half-starved millions "scattered throughout the 700,000 villages which dot a surface 1,900 miles long and 1,500 miles broad." These millions used to get their support by working on the farms during summer and by spinning during the winter months. The spinning has, however, been uprooted by modern textile industry, which weaves better cloth more cheaply. Therefore Gandhi would uproot the industry and restore the spinning-wheel. Nevertheless, this action is justified spiritually. Everybody—doctors, lawyers, merchants, chiefs—is to get a wheel, so that the mandate of labor may be added to that of prayer. The spinning, moreover, is a symbol of the teaching by which Gandhi parts company with the Brahmins. As a person profoundly affected by Christianity, especially as taught by Tolstoi and other romantic mystics, he repudiates the old rule of "untouchability" and holds that all men, despite castes, are equal. This equality would be made manifest by the spinning-wheel.

Whether Gandhi's principles make for weal or woe in the present world depends first upon whether they are correct and second upon how they work out in India. If one could credit the words of the Reverend John Hayes Holmes, who made a trip to London in order to convey to the Indian leader the best wishes of sundry Americans, an estimate would be relatively simple. "You stand preëminent," said Dr. Holmes, "among the men of our time for light and leading, and already you enter upon the majesty of the succession of the saviors of mankind." That is rather a purple patch, but it gets an idea expressed just the same. Now any man who denied the essential nobility of Gandhi's attitude would thereby stamp himself as unworthy. This son of an ancient civilization understands what the flippant scene-shifters of modern boom plays ignore: that in the end it is culture which wins and not materialism, and that culture is judged by the ethical force it derives from its consciousness of God. British imperialism also represented a culture, in many respects lofty and altruistic. Yet it was a culture of two domains shut off from one another. On the one hand, the realm of social and political service—of officers who played square, of welfare workers who gave their lives dispensing aid. On the other hand, however, it was a culture which disregarded the semi-starved millions in the 700,000 villages so that the balance sheet at the end of the year might show a handsome profit.

So far so good. It is Gandhi's "use" of religion which justifies suspicion not of his motives but of his principles. Here he joins hands with Tolstoi and with all those who hold that the adoption of extreme religious convictions will help men to gain extreme ends. The great Russian wanted to wipe out the social injustices of ancient czarist rule at one blow; and therefore he proposed a religious reform which, however it may have been intended, was ultimately a matter of placing faith in God at the disposal of humanity. All the normal concerns of this humanity were, in turn, subordinated to the one radical purpose. Tolstoi proposed nothing short of a Christian Communist Russia, the justification for which was, of course, that an anti-Christian Communist Russia was coming. In like manner Gandhi, though a pure and lofty soul, has annealed the Tolstoian faith with Indian tradition in order to effect an instrument that will serve the people of India. His plan has a real spiritual value, the man himself may well rob a godless generation of its breath. But in both cases—that of the Russian and that of the Hindu—it is not Christ's Church but a substitute therefor, created in the mood of the Orient, which we are invited to judge. And we do not find in either the fulness of faith, hope and charity.

That India can really be emancipated in Gandhi's way is growing more and more doubtful. The result to date has been splitting the vast country into two embittered factions. Writing in the September *Nineteenth Century,* Sir Robert Holland conceded that Britain has lost ground: "We, a handful of an alien race, have ruled India through the good-will of the people. . . . That good-will no longer exists in the hearts of the people who at the moment count in India. The seed of national conciousness which we planted and fostered has grown rapidly and spread over the whole country." But quite as important is the other fact that the rift between the Hindu and the Moslem populations has steadily widened. While the British were in authority, their (at least relative) impartiality had the effect of keeping two different conceptions of life in balance. Those who turned to Mecca and those who went bathing in the Ganges simply accepted foreign rule as that which had its good and bad effects, but which was none the less endowed with autonomy that could not effect their own collective entities.

But when Gandhi proposed to base Indian nationalism upon a conception of religion—and politics, in his opinion, could have no other basis—the result was a revelation of the gulf which lies between Buddha and the Prophet. As a matter of fact, the Indian leader, with his synthesis of Christian and Hindu teachings, could not but seem to the Moslem a rival of their own great man, for all the emphasis he had placed on force rather than on non-resistance. During the past two years, the dissension has grown to such an extent that political coöperation of whatsoever kind is virtually out of the question. The most ominous factor is that while the numerical and financial strength is preponderantly on the side of the Hindus, military force is more than controlled by the Mohammedans. Thus the rôle of the British in India can hardly be said to have ceased, at least for all those who hold that this great country can work out its salvation better during slow years of further preparation for self-government than through civil strife and disorder. So much has to be said regarding Gandhi, and it can hardly be said more appropriately than at the present time.

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WILLIAMSTOWN

By F. J. GUNNING

The rise of the Williamstown Institute of Politics to the position of America's chief forum for the discussion of general problems is an unusually interesting development. This year further advance was, perhaps, discernible, primarily because the questions debated were so vitally important and because the speakers included distinguished men from many lands. We therefore asked Mr. Gunning, who attended the institute as a newspaper man, to supply a review of the proceedings. Though this is necessarily succinct and objective, it will (we think) enable our readers to share vicariously in the argument.—The Editors.

THE WILLIAMSTOWN INSTITUTE OF POLITICS, as established in 1921, serves a threefold purpose: "to advance the study of politics and to promote better understanding of international problems and relations, which when known will make the family of nations free from the evil and disaster of misunderstandings," and to give to the leaders of public opinion "a means of accurately informing themselves and giving the people a clearer idea of what justice is between the nations."

The test applied for admission to membership in the institute is defined as ability to contribute something to the discussions. Members of the institute constitute a fair cross-section of the American public which is already interested in and informed about international relations. They include representatives of the army, navy and diplomatic service, educators, lecturers, writers, clergymen, lawyers, business men, and persons connected with organizations and associations for the study of international affairs. Lecturers at the recent session were: the Honorable Newton D. Baker; Dr. Luigi Villari, Rome, "The Economics of Fascism"; Dr. George S. Counts, New York, "The Economics of Communism"; Mr. Malcolm C. Rorty, New York, "The Economics of Capitalism"; Professor Theodore E. Gregory, Manchester, England, "A British View of the Capitalist System"; Dr. Herbert von Beckerath, Bonn, Germany, "The Economic Problems and Policies of Present-day Germany"; M. Charles A. Le Neveu, Paris, "France and the World Economic Crisis." Conference leaders were: Professor Arthur N. Holcombe, Harvard University, "The Future of Democracy"; Professor G. M. Stratton, University of California, "Social Psychology of International Conduct"; Professor Jacob Viner, University of Chicago, "International Problems of Commercial and Financial Policy"; Dean P. E. Corbett, McGill University, "The Future of the British Commonwealth of Nations"; Professor T. E. Gregory, London School of Economics, "The Distribution of Wealth and Income"; Dr. William E. Rappard, School for Higher International Studies, Geneva, "The Political Situation in Western Europe"; Mr. James G. McDonald, New York, "Public Opinion and Disarmament"; Professor George H. Blakeslee, Clark University, "The Pact of Paris" and "India and Nationalism."

The agenda of the institute's eleventh session were prepared to bring forth for statement and discussion fundamental economic factors and problems which have become of major importance since 1930. It might be most significant that institute "instructors" demolished "economic planning" as an objective, while considering the three "specters," Communism, Fascism and capitalism, as economic panaceas for the world.

Newton D. Baker, in the convocation address, stressed the importance of the individual man in domestic society and of the individual nation in international society. He dismissed long-range economic planning as quite impractical.

A destructive analysis of the three isms as universal economic theories was accomplished by Rappard, Gregory and Viner. The first saw a triumph for Communism in the acceptance of the "capitalistic" terminology as applied to our civilization. Russia, he said, is an exclusive social unit, the exact antithesis of our liberalistic, free and individualistic society. Gregory's point was that economic absolutism is incompatible with the variations of modern democracy. Viner rejected all three systems because, he maintained, our economic structure, which he termed highly individualistic, possesses both purposiveness and design.

Conferences began with the consideration of various means and measures for promoting the peace of the world. Disarmament, it was decided, needed a more auspicious moment for success than the one scheduled for it at Geneva in February, 1932. Obstacles to further disarmament were seen in the German desire to be more than a second-rate power, in the French *idée fixe* of security, and in the lack of a universal wave of public opinion to force nationalist governments to submit to a higher authority as yet undefined. A state department spokesman deemed our entrance into the World Court the most progressive step we could make toward world peace. An American authority, however, declared that, in his opinion, the recent visits of Secretary of State Stimson to Paris, London and Berlin had done more toward international understanding than did President Hoover's moratorium proposal.

The Treaty of Versailles and the undefined foreign policy of the United States loomed large in the European conception of the world economic crisis. Britain considers reparations and inter-allied debts "a curse and a nuisance since the end of the war," Germany regards them as "impossible of fulfilment," Italy desires to "begin again with a clean slate," while France is willing to make "sacrifices" to avoid class warfare or to gain possible benefits under some new plan. Negative leadership in the present crisis on the part

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of the United States caused great uncertainty in Europe, the conference was told. American spokesmen in reply prophesied that assistance would be forthcoming after some delay and through financial channels in the main. They conceded that modification of war debts and reparations payments might be acceptable if in some way the moneys of American bankers and their clients could be safeguarded from total loss.

Britain expects "something like a breakdown in the international economic order" unless something is done to stabilize the world's financial policy. A sort of partnership between American bankers who would furnish the money and the British merchant bankers who would furnish information and experience, was suggested. The Young Plan is "dead," it was declared, because of the fall of the world price level to disastrous and unprecedented depths. The Hoover moratorium did not confer its expected benefits since German credits have declined in volume. The Wiggin Report was interpreted as a partial realization that there was "not too much time left to play about" before relieving Germany and the other nations in dire financial straits.

In the following paragraphs, an attempt is made to summarize economic and political trends in the world today by the statement and interpretation of some of the remarks delivered at the institute conferences.

Britain's domestic economy tends to bring her to a position of economic isolation with respect to other nations, the conference was told. Two basic trends evidence this transition: the one, the growing unpopularity of the gold standard, which would be replaced by an autonomous monetary unit; and the other, the decided swing of British opinion toward a policy of tariff protection for industry, instanced by the increasing favor British politicians of all parties are showing for protectionist theories. Most significant, however, is the gradual socialization of industry in England, the conference heard. Unemployment insurance and the "cartelization" of basic industries exemplified this.

Presentation of the status of the dominion in the British Empire, exclusive of India, included an attack upon the empire's imperial policy. The survey of the economy of the dominions portrayed South Africa as being in the most enviable position. Gold, her principal product, rises in value with each decline of the world price level. Australia, it was said, is still in a critical financial condition, because of, first, the decline in the world markets for wheat and wool, second, the "orgy of public works expenditures" and, third, her present inability to secure international financial assistance. Canada's economic outlook was regarded as somewhat cloudy, because of low prices in the markets for wheat and base metals.

The dominions are looking forward, however, to a far-reaching development within the empire next year. Great Britain, they believe, will become a commonwealth of nations in law rather than in convention with the passage of the proposed Statute of Westminster, designed to grant the dominions legal autonomy.

Germany's international situation is such that there is imminent danger of her social, financial and political collapse unless strong measures are taken by her former enemies to save her, the institute was told. German opinion, it was said, desires revision of the Treaty of Versailles, which would include elimination of the "war guilt" clause and the cancellation or modification of reparations and war debts.

The analysis of German domestic economy forced into relief the struggle for control in that country between Socialistic and capitalistic groups, the first tending toward Communism and the latter trying to attain the goal of liberal democracy. The blame for the country's weakened position in international competition was placed upon the political regulation of wages and government subventions to industry which have increased in volume since 1924. Increased public expenditures in Germany, it was said, were not undertaken as a national policy to make reparations payments impossible, but were the result of compromises between the two contending forces in German politics. Franco-German rapprochement under the guidance of American diplomacy was held to be a necessity.

The German representative pleaded that German business be allowed to attain an economic position which would enable it to pay its debts and exist. Germany, he declared, cannot oppose Communism under financial and political pressure from without, nor could political pressure force Germany to pay war debts and reparations beyond its ability. As a substitute for the Young Plan, the German representative proposed that German labor and English capital be used to further colonial enterprises for France and other countries receiving reparations; the German share of profits from such undertakings to be applied to Germany's international obligations. Except for the possibility of a Communist uprising, Germany, it was believed, aided by the other nations, would be able to adjust its social tendencies to the requirements of its economy.

The theme of security was dominant in the statement of French economy and its place in the international political scene. Elimination of the "war guilt" clause from the Treaty of Versailles would cause revision of the whole treaty, the French spokesman declared. France regards reparations as payments for wilful war damages inflicted on French soil under the direction of the German General Staff. The French people are disappointed at the refusal of the United States to enter the League of Nations and in addition feel that the Kellogg-Briand treaty, lacking guarantees, brought France less than she would have obtained under the League Covenant. The commercial treaty between the United States and Germany was attacked as unfair to France and the Smoot-Hawley tariff bill is regarded as depriving France of her ability to trade in the United States and thus to pay off her debts. France resented being coerced into the Hoover moratorium agreement, her spokesman said, characterizing it as a proposal made, it seemed, because American

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investments were imperiled. The French spokesman inferred that Germany was "squandering" money while France was paying its debts. He made a plea that the United States facilitate Franco-German rapprochement without bringing pressure to bear on France, since the bulk of the population of France have but one aspiration, that of closer relations with Germany.

In sketching the economic future of France, her representative predicted a deficit in the national budget, an increasing number of business failures and some hardship as the result of falling prices. French business, he observed, suffers from heavy taxes, a depreciated currency and unremunerative investments, while agriculture is taxed lightly, the farmers are not affected by the rise in the cost of living and their land values have remained the same or have appreciated. He advocated the inauguration of French colonial enterprise, and recommended an improvement in industrial technique at home, to combat the depression.

Sidelights on general European political questions were interesting. The French and German representatives agreed that the plebiscite to be held in the Saar region in 1935 would favor Germany. The Briand proposal for a United States of Europe was held to be "utopian," and the practical objections to its operation were regarded as serious enough to prevent its adoption. As one observer remarked, Europe feels that the day for Continental unions is past, and her peoples now desire a world union. An Austro-German customs union would be "unfortunate"; opinion seemed convinced that a closer union between France and Germany would be more beneficial to Central Europe.

During a conference which considered the status of Russia, the assertion that it would be the "blindest stupidity" upon the part of the United States not to accord recognition to the Soviet Union at this time was answered by the German spokesman, who defended Europe's "right" to erect a "barricade" against the invasion of Communist culture. The German proposal envisaged a defensive alliance which would include Poland and the Little Entente. This would secure all-around peace in Europe and the general reconciliation thus attained might be followed by general disarmament. The French spokesman declared that Russian efforts to infiltrate France with propaganda through her colonies exposed Communism as dangerous only to peoples too ignorant or too primitive to save themselves. Fascism was portrayed as a method of class collaboration rather than a dictatorship as in Russia. "Fascism is best for Italy, though perhaps not for the other nations in the world," the Italian representative declared.

The exponent of the capitalist system, as such, maintained that the recent switch by Communist leaders to a system of salaries for workers in Russia "has at one stroke transformed its theory from that of Communism to that of state capitalism." Both the Russian and Italian systems might endure for a generation, he conceded, but ultimately they were undesirable since present world opinion tended to the evolution of popular and representative governments.

The discussion of the domestic economy of the United States produced attacks on the tariff, the policy of the United States Treasury and "big business" in general. The tariff was assailed as a major factor in sustaining the depression. Immediate and drastic revision downward was strongly advocated. Our business structure was referred to as a wasteful system by one economist who remarked that it was difficult to know how much real money is invested in an enterprise and therefore what net earnings would constitute a fair return. He declared that if inflation could be removed from capitalization, "big business" might be able to pay good dividends and at the same time support a large portion of the present unemployed.

Adoption of a federal statute providing for incorporation of interstate corporations as proposed in the Taft administration might have helped in the present situation, a former member of the late President's cabinet maintained; holding that the present anti-trust laws encourage waste, duplication and expensive competition in ballyhoo and salesmanship rather than protect free competition in quality and price as formerly contemplated. A corporation lawyer observed that the Supreme Court was interpreting the anti-trust laws by the "rule of reason" to meet changing conditions of economic life and thereby to bring about "finer prices and less competition." The legalist view was flatly challenged by another economist who asserted that the larger corporations could not be expected to endure a public audit of their accounts.

The present Treasury policy was called excellent during a "boom" period, i.e., tax heavily, spend lightly and redeem debts, but was characterized as thoroughly bad during a depression; then it should be tax lightly, spend heavily and borrow. Democracy's largest problem in the United States was seen in the problem resulting from the separation of management from ownership in capitalized industries. This tendency created a "business bureaucracy." The future of this country, the speaker alleged, depends on the ability of its democracy to make the new bureaucracy responsible in the public interest without impairing healthy competition in commerce and industry.

The conference on India and nationalism concluded the institute session. Representatives of the Indian Nationalist Congress and of several political and religious minorities were heard. Ardent nationalists predicted violent revolution as the only alternative if their demands for full dominion status were not met at the London conference in September. British spokesmen admitted the possibility of granting reserved dominion status if the conflicting interests of the Hindus and Moslems could be reconciled.

In conclusion, many observers of the institute sessions have expressed the conviction that the institute has attained a considerable degree of success and has left a distinctive impression on contemporary American life.

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QUOTH THE RAVEN

By ENID DINNIS

HE WAS perched on the iron rail which spaces out the spot where the scaffold was erected on Tower Green in the bad old days, when I first made the startling discovery that he possessed the gift of speech.

He was one of the oldest and most sinister-looking of the four ravens which roam at will in the great space within the precincts of the Tower of London faced by the ancient Norman keep, and flanked by the Lieutenant's Lodging and the Chapel of St. Peter in Chains. After having piloted thither innumerable country cousins and American visitors, and saved from shame Londoners who had admitted in my hearing to never having seen the Tower, the existing thrills of the historic spot had somewhat staled for me when I discovered this new thrill, the raven with the gift of speech.

He looked old enough to have been present when the English headsman brought his ax down on the neck of the innocent Lady Jane Grey, or when the swordsman, brought from Calais, jerked the guilty head of Nan Boleyn from her fair shoulders—and wicked enough to have thoroughly enjoyed the spectacle!

He was plainly an old, old, very old bird. One wing was damaged, and the feathers protruded untidily. He had hopped in a lopsided fashion to his favorite perch (I was convinced that it was his favorite perch) and sat eying me coldly. I wondered what his exact age might be. Ravens are said to be rivals of Methuselah.

"If you could speak," I said, addressing him, meditatively, "you might tell me something worth hearing."

And at that moment a strange thing happened. A strange and an eerie thing. A passing beef-eater, as the warders of the Tower are quaintly called, caught sight of the bird and, pausing, called out to it. He called out, "Hullo!" And he called several times. At about the fourth or fifth call the ancient bird lifted a leg and shifted on its perch. Then it closed its eyes, covering them with a kind of film that added indescribably to its expression of all-knowing wickedness. For a moment it appeared to be in travail; it opened its beak to its widest extent, as though to void itself of something in its crop that had not agreed with it; then —it answered the salutation:

"Hul..lo!"

It was a hoarse, far-away, sepulchral cry. The sound of a salutation which might have been consigned to the ether centuries ago—an echo that might well have come from the dungeons in the White Tower, preferably "Little Ease."

"Hul..lo!"

The warder smiled at me and passed on his way. Ordinarily I would have detained him and asked some questions, for the Tower beef-eater is always ready to impart information, but on this occasion I was red-hot on a new stunt. I had discovered that one of the Tower ravens could talk. Who could want to speak to a beef-eater after that?

The bird remained on his perch. He closed his beak and opened, or rather cleared, his eyes, and regarded me with some return of the interest that I was taking in him. He was plainly open to be interviewed.

I began with the beef-eater gambit.

"Hullo," I said.

He eyed me suspiciously and vouchsafed no response.

I tried again, coming to the point this time with the question on the tip of my tongue.

"How old are you?" I asked. "How *old?*"

His immemorial years might well have made him hard of hearing. He shifted on his perch, dipped and stretched forward his neck, rather as though he were making it ready for the headsman's ax (he really was a horrid bird), then closed his eye in the same nasty manner as before—a wink was nothing to it for knowingness—and made answer, in a deep, muffled tone:

"Old."

It was terse and indefinite. Laconic, one might say. But the tone in which the single word was delivered gave it a positively uncanny significance. It suggested that the evil, half-closed eye might have witnessed the influx of unwilling Jews into the dungeon where King John held them until they satisfied his tax-collecting propensities. This bird was part and parcel of the bad old days.

I grew hot and cold with excitement.

"How old?" I asked, boldly. "Three—four—hundred years?"

Whereat he became coy, like a maiden lady faced with the same question, and twisting his neck, tucked a bit of fluff into his torn wing. He was eying me cautiously and expectantly. I felt encouraged to persevere. I thought of all the things which he might have witnessed in the days we had left behind.

He was facing the old state prison in the Beauchamp Tower where Queen Elizabeth shut up the Earl of Arundel for the crime of having a wife, and a religion at variance with her own. Did the prisoner, looking out of his window, see a raven hopping about on the site of the scaffold which he so narrowly escaped? Surely his little dog, the one which followed the Lieutenant when he paid a visit to Father Robert Southwell in his dungeon, was not responsible for the damaged wing? Hardly, for the poet-saint gave the little dog his blessing. The encounter would certainly not have been on the homeward journey. It would be interesting to find out which was the dungeon which held the rarest singer, after Shakespeare, of Elizabethan times; but although I did my musing out loud, the bird did not come to my assistance.

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At the recently made entrance to the vaults of the White Tower a warder was keeping at bay lawless groups of visitors who were seeking to enter by what the authorities have elected shall be the exit from the dungeons now shown to the public.

"Other times, other manners," I remarked. The bird made an audience and I was indulging an Emersonian mood. "In the old days I imagine it was not necessary to employ a warder to keep people out of the dungeons. Times have considerably improved."

The crowd was heading for the Wakefield Tower, where the crown jewels are kept. There would be almost as big a squeeze in the big, circular chamber as in the days when 600 prisoners were thrust into it after the battle of Wakefield, during the Wars of the Roses. The bird would hardly remember that circumstance, though he might know something about Guy Fawkes—he was probably hatched out by that date. But every warder can tell tales about Guy Fawkes; one would think that no one else had ever played with gunpowder. When I visited the Tower some years ago with a permit enabling me to enter the dungeons by the unorthodox way (I recall the privilege with pride) the dungeon called "Little Ease" had still got its door—it had not yet been made into a passage between the torture chamber and the Jews' dungeon—and my guide had shown me the marks made by the feet of the unhappy inmate, unable to stand upright or to lie at full length in the diabolically contrived cell. He had mentioned Guy Fawkes as a famous occupant of "Little Ease" but had nothing to say anent Father Edmund Campion, S.J., who was taken from "Little Ease," the place of confinement for infamous criminals, into the presence of Queen Elizabeth, who proceeded to offer him a bishopric if he would conform to the state religion. Campion declined the offer and returned to "Little Ease," which has thus its bishop-designate to counteract its gunpowder plotter, only no custodian appears to make use of the fact.

"By the way," I said to the raven, "what became of that door? I wonder what they did with it when they removed it?"

He blinked at me, silently. I interpreted the blink as: "Any warder could tell you that. Why ask me?" Which was true enough.

"It must have been just before the war," I calculated. "The Tower was closed during the war, of course."

The bird gave me a sharp glance. His colleagues were near by, fraternizing with some of the human species who were feeding them with assorted dainties, which appeared to be the normal mode of approach to a Tower raven. He eyed the note-book in my hand—I always carry one at the Tower—and the expression in his eye became cruel and sinister. I recognized that I was speaking to a bird of prey. He hopped along his perch, nearer to the site of the executioner's block, and sat with his head turned toward the barracks erected alongside the Church of St. Peter in Chains.

I followed his gaze, past the other ravens pecking up their largesse, to the great, modern, grey building which usually I make a point of ignoring, as any antiquarian would. It recalled to my mind the fact that the Tower had been closed to the public during the war for the very obvious reason that it was required for military uses. Internment, and other purposes. The Tower of London had come to life during the war. There had been a grim story told of the enemy's spies shot at daybreak, over yonder.

The raven was sharpening his beak on the rail surrounding the ancient place of execution. There was something horridly suggestive in the action.

I glanced back at the rude walls of the old keep which houses the suits of armor worn by men who fought the gentlemanly battles of the much criticized days of old. I thought of poison gas, and other methods of warfare, and the days which we had lived through, the raven and I, for in any case he must have been a pre-war bird.

"But it will never occur again," I said. "We have got our League of Nations, and disarmament is well on its way. There will never be another war. Nevermore will such a thing be permitted."

He closed his eyes and opened his beak. But there it ended. He might have followed in the footsteps of Edgar Poe's raven, but the wisdom of the ages was in his shabby pose, and whatever the traditions of talking ravens might be, he was not going to commit himself.

The Painted Gods

On the western half of earth
The ancient gods with heads held high
Wore their masks of painted smiles
As they marched them forth to die.

Feathers on their haughty heads,
The rainbow on their cheeks and chins,
White thunder in their serpent eyes,
Godhead painted in their grins.

They knew that death was such a thing
As a turquoise blue and bright,
They chose the color of their maize
When they marched beyond the light.

The old gods walk our western world
When the hounds of doom bay clear
And beautiful and fiercely close
On the footsteps of the year.

Their hearts are in the maple tree
When she wears her blood for leaves,
Their hot souls light the golden lamps
In the pumpkins and the sheaves.

Our years are clothed for carnival
When they battle for their breath,
They dye their faces red and gold,
And make a holiday of death.

ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN.

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A SALESMAN AND DEPRESSION

By S. L. WALKER

HE WAS sitting at a desk in the hotel lobby and I happened to notice him tucking a fat bunch of orders into a heavy manila envelope. When he had dropped the envelope in the mail-box he sat down near me. It was still a bit too early to retire.

"It looks as though you're getting business," I commented.

"There's plenty of business," he answered rather absently. "As much as there ever was. The depression is just a state of mind."

I had often heard and read this sentiment and was getting tired of it. For months I had been laboring in vain against the ruinous slump in my own sales volume. I had little faith in the "state of mind" stuff and with some irritation I told him so.

"All right," he replied, hunching his chair around to give me his attention, "I can prove to you that I am right.

"For over five years I've been selling for one firm, a specialty line direct to consumers—mostly manufacturing plants. It's a wonderful line but it has certain drawbacks of which I've been growing tired, and not long ago I decided to get into a different game. The small-and-quick-sale kind of business has always appealed to me.

"After doing considerable thinking and looking about I came across a small, patented novelty which I felt sure would make a hit with the public if it could be properly presented. It had never been sold in paying quantities because being so utterly different from anything on the market, dealers had steered clear of it.

"I realized that introducing it to the public by selling to the dealer was going to be an uphill proposition. However I devised a plan—a rather radical departure from merchandizing methods, but one which I believed workable.

"First, I built a small vender. A neat little combination display and container which would hold four dozen of my ten-cent packages. If I do say it myself, this vender was a peach. Among the ordinary display cards which one sees on the counters of retail stores, it stood out like a Rolls Royce in street traffic. It really would be of decorative value in any store.

"Furthermore, it was so constructed that it could be placed almost anywhere. It could rest on top of a show-case, or hang in front of a cash register or beside a magazine rack, or in almost any bit of unoccupied space. There would be no trouble in finding a place for it in the average store of the type which I had in mind.

"I filled three of these venders and took them to acquaintances who operated retail stores. Of each I asked permission to leave my vender in his place of business for test purposes. Though none of them seemed greatly impressed, each complied with my request and I watched those three venders carefully for two weeks.

"Somewhat to my surprise this test showed that the public would not only buy my novelty, but it would empty the vender in less than half the time which I had estimated the success of the venture would allow. None of the three had been placed in stores which I considered of the ideal type for my particular merchandise, yet the sales rate gave the dealer a profit of over $2.50 every month. Certainly not a staggering sum of money, yet he was taking no risk, had nothing invested other than a bit of space which would otherwise be unoccupied, and the proposition entailed no labor on the part of the dealer other than that of accepting a dime from each purchaser.

"At the same sales rate my own profit from each vender would amount to about $1.00 per month, out of which I must pay expenses and overhead. I was somewhat elated at the result of my test for it also showed a gradually increasing sales rate, which meant that the public would buy faster as time went on. I resigned my job and immediately set about the little matter of getting 1,000 venders placed in stores as quickly as possible.

"I had pretty definite ideas as to the type of store best adapted to the sale of my novelty, and on my list of desirable ones I placed the chain store at the bottom. However, I guess I'm prejudiced on that particular point. You see a brother-in-law of mine lost his entire retail grocery business on account of chain-store competition. And also my uncle who had spent his life with a wholesale firm was dismissed ten years before he was ready to retire because the firm's business had been practically killed by the chain store.

"That's beside the point, but regardless of my prejudice I felt that the people who patronize and appreciate the neighborhood store were the kind of people to whom my novelty would especially appeal. So with this in mind I sallied forth armed with 100 venders and an ample stock of my novelty.

"It had been quite a while since I had sold to dealers, but I thought I had not forgotten how. I knew of course that for some time business had been suffering from a great economic depression, but I figured that my unusual selling plan would automatically overcome any resistance from that cause. I realize now that I then knew nothing about depression—hadn't the faintest idea as to what it really is or just how it works.

"You see, it was part of my merchandising plan to ask the dealer to buy nothing. I asked him merely for the privilege of leaving with him a small stock of an attractive, salable novelty. Thirty days later I would call again and collect my percentage of the money he

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had received for items sold during the past month. At that time I should again fill up the vender and repeat the call at the expiration of another thirty days.

"I expected later on to increase the interval between service calls to sixty days. This would mean carrying twice as much stock but it would also enable my service force to take care of 2,000 instead of 1,000 venders. My intended field of operations covered a large territory and included several good-sized cities."

My new acquaintance paused to light a cigarette. For a moment he sat squinting meditatively at an oil painting on the far wall of the lobby. Then he turned back to me.

"You've been selling for quite a while?" he asked.

I nodded.

"To dealers?"

"Yes."

"Then you're accustomed to selling outright. Your customers pay, or agree to pay at a future date, a specified amount of money for everything your house ships them. What would you think of a proposition such as mine—from the standpoint of selling the dealer? Do you think it could be done?"

"Well," I replied, "I should certainly think so!"

"Hah!" he answered. "You don't know much about the depression.

"The first day I was out I discovered that I was calling on men whose thought, conversation and actions were governed by one common, dominating idea—depression. You think I'm putting it strong but I know what I'm talking about. I'll admit that my proposition held no rosy prospects of munificent financial rewards for any one dealer, but that isn't the point. It did offer him a minimum of $2.50 every month, for which he would be required to take no risk nor to make any outlay of time, money, reputation nor any of his possessions tangible or otherwise.

"The point is that if it were not for the depression, any business man would smilingly tuck this $2.50 in his jeans and ask if you had any more. Ordinarily he might even spend $2.00 cash in advance in order to get it; or maybe do $1.00 or $2.00's worth of work for it. But when depression is ruling the roost he won't even accept it as a gift."

"Do you mean," I asked, "that you found it impossible to place your merchandise on consignment with any dealers?"

"In paying quantities, I mean exactly that. During the first week I spent very little time with any one dealer. Only enough to let him see what I had and to let my proposition sink in. You see, I had no time to lose. In order to make expenses and to show a profit I had to have 1,000 venders out working.

"I've done house-to-house canvassing in my time and some of the early lessons I learned have always stuck with me. Finding that my canvass was not getting across with these retail-store proprietors, I changed it every five calls—emphasizing different appeals every time. But there is no canvass which can successfully cope with chronic depression. If only there were such a canvass, as much modern merchandise would be sold per capita to the natives of Africa as is sold to the residents of New York.

"It was interesting, though, to note the similarity with which these business men received my proposition. On examining the novelty almost invariably a flicker of pleasant surprise would show in the eyes of Mr. Dealer. It seemed as though his natural, instinctive reaction was one of desire. Then he would realize suddenly that it was something new and as though the old monster had been caught asleep, depression would rise up to sock his victim and Mr. Dealer would turn reluctantly on his heel with a gruff 'not interested.'

"Quite often he seemed genuinely regretful and acted as though he would just as soon have that extra minimum of $2.50 per month, but in order to get it he would have had to say 'yes.' And 'yes' is a word which depression will not tolerate.

"As I say, during the first week I spent very little time with any one dealer. But I became consumed with curiosity as to just how much it would cost and how long it would take to persuade or inveigle 1,000 dealers into accepting my little gift of at least $2.50 per month. So I spent another week finding out. I trotted out the old high-pressure stuff. When Mr. Dealer turned on his heel I turned with him with a few impertinent questions such as why his doors were open since profit-via-serving-the-public seemed to have no place in his scheme. I demanded that he name a rental price on a few unoccupied inches of his store space, and I offered to pay him in advance a space rental equal to twice his profit from his box of best-selling cigars, and so forth and so forth."

My friend paused and I asked impatiently, "Did that work any better?"

"Yes," he replied, "it worked better. It always does. But at the end of the week my records showed that it would take almost exactly five years to place one of my venders in each of 1,000 stores. Rather a long apprenticeship, don't you think?"

"It does seem like a strange situation," I commented.

"It does indeed," he answered. "Here is a little novelty which the public is willing, even eager, to buy. I believe that during the next twelve months the people of the United States would buy $1,000,000 worth if it were only offered to them. But they can't have it on account of the depression.

"I used to think that business depression was only a period during which people, consumers especially, could not or would not buy. Now I know that it's something quite different. And I also know that when it once gets a hold on the minds of business men, it's a powerful thing!"

He rose and stretching his arms above his head, said it was his bed-time.

"Say!" I demanded, "Have you given up your novelty altogether?"

"I guess I didn't quite finish," he smiled. "To tell

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you the truth, I have not decided. As a last resort I called at the main offices of a large chain-store corporation. It seemed strange but I could detect no sign of depression there. What also seemed very strange to me was their enthusiasm over my little old novelty. I had about decided that it was nothing but a mirage.

"They want to place it in all their retail stores, but are prepared to carry their own stock and to do all their own servicing and would have to buy at the manufacturer's price. That would eliminate me from the picture except that they want me to manufacture venders for them. I'm not especially interested in that. The vender business would be defined by much smaller figures than the ones in which I've been thinking. Still there would be no depression to contend with. I haven't decided. Meantime I've gone back to my old job. If genuine depression ever hits the consumer I may go into the vender business. Well, good-night, neighbor."

EBB TIDE

By BURTON KLINE

LAST year Mr. Edward O'Brien, on publishing his annual review of short fiction in America, had damning things to say of the scene he surveyed, and looked to the future with little hope. For matter of distinction he reported himself driven to little pioneering on adventurous magazines that seem to be known chiefly to the disheartened writers who compose their contents. The pages of the better-known and more widely circulated periodicals Mr. O'Brien found a nearly unbroken waste of matter bearing every evidence of having been produced in quantity and written for no purpose better than ready sale to editors certain to decline any other sort of production. Taking these same periodicals for the year now passing, Mr. O'Brien, in preparing his book for this year, will have even stronger reason for his former complaint, if even in the adventurous little magazines he finds enough matter of distinction to pad out a volume.

What Mr. O'Brien has complained of in print has been for some time a common topic of conversation among many people I know, and the complainants have not been in every case disappointed writers. The kick has been general. It must by now have come to the knowledge of magazine editors themselves. In fact literary agents have told me of certain editors, at least, who feel the necessity of reaching out for something new and better—a feeling perhaps inspired by the dwindling circulations, here and there, in which this vague public dissatisfaction with the magazines has begun to assert itself.

This debasement of our short fiction, which a few years ago displayed such a promising upward trend, Mr. O'Brien ascribes to commercialization of the periodical press, and as a blanket charge this goes very well. Publishers of magazines, in reaching out for the huge circulations necessary to make them profitable as advertising mediums, inevitably take on the methods and the attitude of any other form of big business. In the competition among them their editors, not to lose a penny of this advertising, must cock a cautious eye on what they print. At least one of them, some time ago, I was told by a member of a prominent advertising firm, was accustomed to render regular and prideful report of never having offended a single advertiser with what he published. The editor, to do him justice, may only have done so on orders from his employers. But the caution is there, and writers, naturally desiring or obliged to live by sale of their work, have caught the freezing contagion.

As a consequence, the editors of the million and more periodicals must themselves often wonder how much of the matter they print is read. For some time one of them, evidently possessed by this doubt, has been in the habit of affixing to the top of every story or article in his paper the length of time, to the second, required to read it, thus offering the reader the brevity of his ordeal as an inducement to begin it at all. How far even this has sufficed is a question. The head of a well-known advertising firm once told me of its being commonly understood in his business that one-third of the readers of a certain outstanding publication bought it solely to read its advertising pages. And to a certain extent this must be the case with them all.

These are some, but by no means all, of the effects of commercialization on periodical literary standards, and they suffer further from forces in no way allied to the business urge. Time was when the super-successful periodical just referred to was rather indulgently looked down upon by superior people, though even they were obliged to admit that its editor kept his feet in the stream of American life. Their objection was that he immersed them to so shallow a depth. Now, while the standards of this publication are no higher than they were, they are made to seem so by the subsidence of taste in most of its competitors, and readers who once turned from it are turning back in relief to the one publication that pictures at least a little of authentic American life.

The great acceptance of this periodical, beyond question, is due to more than its editor's genius for gaging the taste of his particular public. He has been smarter still. His magazine is published in an inland city, and the editor himself has made a religion of keeping clear of the coils of New York. This is largely why competing editors, though they may not know it, have failed, try as they will, to match his business and editorial success. They have copied his methods, the form and appearance of his paper; everything, in fact, ex-

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cept the real secret of its success, which all along has been perfectly patent. The principal reason for the great prosperity of the periodical in question is that its editor has made it a point to travel about the country and learn for himself what the average American is like, what he does, and what he thinks—and then make his magazine a mirror of that. Competing editors have stuck to New York. And that, in my opinion, is another and a leading reason for the condition so widely complained of in American periodical fiction—to limit the complaint to that.

With one or two exceptions, the periodicals of still recognized standing are all edited and published in, of and for New York. In so far as they circulate outside of New York, they thrive among Americans who still can amuse themselves with what New Yorkers do and buy and read, or who read what they find on the newsstands for want of anything else. Which means that all the current magazines, and for that matter all the current books, are dampered down by either or both of the two spells that at present grip New York.

One of these spells has been firmly fixed by the columnist, the writer of flip cynicism, admittedly smart and amusing, but admittedly shallow, and ultimately a bore. He reflects not a shadow of what the rest of America is thinking of American life, but with his work in a few successful periodicals that specialize in his line, he has taken the fancy of other editors and has undoubtedly influenced them all. What this type of writer hasn't done to circumscribe the editorial taste and view has been accomplished by "the pulp." Even one or two of the venerable publications sustained for three generations by readers who relied upon their dignity appear to have looked with hungry eyes at the circulation of this trash, with an otherwise unaccountable lowering of their standards.

The other spell which has blanketed down the country as well as New York, is the philosophy of the Hollywood motion-picture magnates who take America to be a population of 123,000,000 twelve-year-olds. The same people who complain of the indifferent quality of current periodical fiction, and now level the same charge at the motion pictures, would, if they looked, at once see the link between the two. Too many magazine editors have taken a leaf from the movie men and quite purposely and frankly edit their publications down to the supposed popular level. Seeing the point, writers again are careful to adjust their product to this other phase of editorial taste. And they have a still stronger temptation so to cater. So many movie themes are taken from magazine stories that every writer who aims to profit by his work will aim first at his magazine editor, but all the while with his eye on the movie magnate waiting beyond with a check far fatter than any his editor is apt to write. And the only writer you are privileged to read is the one who has pleased them both.

These, it seems to me, are two of the forces which have reduced the writing of short fiction from an art to a trade. And but for one or two relieving signs, the outlook would continue to be as black to the writer of talent as it is to the reader of taste.

For some time to come, easing the camel through the needle's eye will continue to look simple beside introducing a sense of the United States into the head of a typical New Yorker. You cannot persuade him that the country is still greater than New York. You cannot tell him anything about America. He knows it from top to bottom. He doesn't, of course; and he cannot learn. He travels, yes; but wherever he goes his single concern is not to convince himself of the United States but to impress the United States with New York, and to offer himself as of the flower of his city. Naturally the New York editor partakes of these characteristics. I was one, and I know. But an editor who cannot see a thing as big as his country can see little figures on the circulation sheet, as expounded by his employer, and here and there popular disinterest in the magazines has taken to expressing itself in these eloquent figures of speech, just as the movie houses have felt a dwindled attendance not wholly accounted for by the business depression. The motion-picture producers have seen a light, and there is likewise hope for the editors, if circulations continue to fade.

But supposing the editors do open their eyes and their pages, have we the writers to fill them? Is it all the fault of the times that we have so little respectable fiction? Mr. Bliss Perry once said that if a Balzac were to appear among us, he would be hailed with mingled fear and delight. If a Balzac appeared at the present moment, he wouldn't be hailed at all—least of all at his bank. What Mr. Perry meant to imply was that though we live the rich and dramatic life that a Balzac delights to paint, we breed no Balzacs to paint it.

I don't believe it. We may not yet have Balzacs among us, but buried among our 123,000,000 are persons of unmistakable talent, eager to tell what they know and paint what they see. I've seen much of their work, and published much that I've seen—some of it to my cost. Mr. Theodore Dreiser might have been thought, even some years ago, sufficiently established to be published with safety by any editor, yet I lost an excellent job by printing a story of his which he afterward told me he had everywhere hawked in vain. Neither was the syndicate attached to my outfit able to sell the story often enough to recover the price I paid Mr. Dreiser for it. Hence the loss of the job. The experience gave me an insight into what all other editors are doubtless up against, but as the Dreiser story was pretty nearly a very great one, I still feel amply compensated for what ensued.

Other adventurous writers it was none the less a pleasure to print because they were less fatal. But this I've noticed about them. Most of them have since disappeared; not, perhaps, because no other editor could see their worth, but because they naturally pre-

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ferred their jobs, and ironically swam along with the prevailing tide. These writers, if the tide doesn't change in time, may die before their chance arrives. I recall at this moment one who did, and he would have immortally graced American letters. I can think of another who would take his place among the first philosophers of his time, if he found an editor daring enough to let him through. I can think of a dozen others of the first order tucked away in the 123,000,000, and I believe they will get their chance.

A hundred years ago de Tocqueville foresaw the present situation. For the creation of a great literature, said he, an aristocracy is needed. It will not enrich great writers, but it is the only society that is sure to discover and encourage them. A democracy can only enrich those whom it is able and willing to understand. With all his uncanny prevision, there was something in our democracy that de Tocqueville overlooked. That was the rise of a cultivated minority such as supported, some years ago, half a dozen magazines of the most exacting tastes. That minority is with us still and must have grown. It waits for the sort of periodical it used to support, and one of these days it will get it, when someone of sense and courage launches a publication of the old standards but adapted to modern views. When that occurs, this success, in turn, will be copied—with results favorable to American fiction and, doubtless, greatly to the relief of Mr. O'Brien.

TWILIGHT IN MAYO

By TERENCE O'DONNELL

THE TRAIN was going westward, northwestward, to Mayo. "Be sure you take cigarettes along," my brother had counseled by letter from America, for he had been on a visit before me, and for the dozenth time I made sure the box of a thousand Three Castles nestled safe beside my luggage. I had caught the night boat, and the train from the Broadstone station in Dublin, with but few minutes to spare.

Meanwhile I studied my companions in the compartment: a girl, likely eighteen, with a costume copied from the *Ladies Home Journal;* and a man, about thirty-five, with the proverbial baggy tweeds. The long twilight was gradually ending, blotting out the grey hills to the south, forever wet with sad rain, as became the eyes of Erin; it snuffed out, one by one, the mosaic field and bog, cabin and town. Unlike the practice in trains to Belfast and the north, the lamps in our compartment had not been lighted, and I suppose it was to make conversation as much as anything else that I interrupted the silence which lay on the long journey, and remarked to the male fellow traveler vis-à-vis upon the eerie feeling one always has with the advent of darkness over the world.

"'Tis All Hallows Eve," he said. "The air pulses with the business of the little people until the witching hour."

"I was born here," I said, "and am back from America for a visit. Do not tell me that here in Erin you still believe in the little people!"

His match flared, and I saw his face sober and reflective puffing his pipe into fragrance. The girl hummed a little song.

"Superstition—ha!" he said. "I grant you many will say 'tis superstition; and yet if you will pardon my telling you I answered for my degree at Trinity, you may agree that what I am about to tell you draws less upon my credulity than it does upon the minds of folk behind those lighted cabin windows we are passing.

"A night like this three years ago I was at home, and as the witching hour of midnight approached a bowl of water was set upon the table to be turned by the fairies into wine. Abetting the gay deceit, I went to the doorway and turned my back. As I looked out over the moonlit fields I heard of a sudden the oddest whistling, and a little man about three-foot tall, in brown velvet, came swanking around the corner of the house into the ray of the lamplight, arms akimbo as he tossed me the rosiest, most roguish smile imaginable from above his long white beard, and then went on down the road, his troll cap dancing with his handsome swagger. I called my brother and the others, but they saw nothing. I stood for a long time listening until his form and his whistling were lost in the night, and then went back to the wine. Very like, a figment of the imagination, you may say. But the sweet, unearthly music of that whistle! I can hear it yet. . . ."

I forbore from the banality of remarking that one might know what tune it was an Irish leprechawn would be whistling; like many a wiser man I remained silent. The colleen did, too, stilling her little song. Bidding us "Godspeed" he left at an intervening station, and some strapping Irish lads, flush with racing money, possessed the compartment. They were for fighting anyone going to Castlebar, for they were from Westport; but the colleen in the corner shamed them into civility, and the remainder of the dark journey was uneventful, if boisterous, enough.

I had told no one I was coming, and I went along the dark streets, striving to piece together old stretches of memory. In the hotel, though I ached for some remark on the name as I registered, there was none forthcoming; so I sat down to the dinner that was ordered. My table shared space with what we would call the lobby, and I made away with the bacon and eggs and the toast and butter balls, the others sharing nothing with me but the dark and heavy tea. The bedroom, after, was cold and damp; and I decided to say my prayers in bed. Presently, since the hotel was crowded, my roommate was shown in. No introduction, no apology. He seemed an intelligent man of middle years—a traveling salesman, quite likely. He undressed by candlelight, put on a long nightgown, and knelt to say his prayers. They were long, and audible at intervals. I felt a deep shame. After he retired I got out of bed and said my own.

Sloe eyes peered shyly at me from doorways I passed next morning as I went down to the street where I was born. There was a grocery on the ground floor now, and I went in. My mother had died in that house, and I would have liked to see her room again, just once. But one could not declare one's heart to strangers, so I bought a package of cigarettes and went out again, hiring a Ford of antiquated vintage to take me to Derrylahan where I knew I should find my own kin.

There was a bird's song falling on the winey, frosty morning, and the fields edged away greening toward the purple hills as the car left the main road and negotiated roads the driver told me had never known its tread before. Now the hills mounted abruptly; and as we began to crest them the sun withdrew its shadow from the motley valley, and the fields showed beryl and mauve and amber like puzzle patterns some giant's child had left for other play. The white cabins nestled against the hillside; and beyond the valley Burrenmoir glowed like a great amethyst, and Slieve Neaphan like a mighty opal. The village

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populace of Derrylahan thronged about, and the geese and the dogs and the asses. I was at home.

"I disremember, Terence," Aunt Sarah was saying, "but it was your father liked boiled turnips. It is strange you would be wanting them too, now, and we keeping them only for the cows!"

The first greetings and tears were over, and the gold watch chain (thoughtfully provided beforehand!) duly admired, by kindly hearts anxious that their relative should make a grand appearance on his arrival from the far country. The cabin floor was the hill's naked breast, and the thatched rafters black relics of trees whose mates were no longer visible. The peat glowed red in the fire and the cake came aromatic and singing from its pot by the hearth.

The cabin was full that night. The firms, as they call the benches, lined both sides of the long room; and the men and the boys sat on one side of the room, the women and girls on the other. Eighty-seven all told, and they were all one's relations, cousins to the fifth degree. Betimes the dances went on in the middle, and woe betide any thrusting shins! The cigarettes were passed, and they all smoked; even my ninety-year-old grandmother, seated on her throne of honor, warm beside the fire. I was lost among the men; hale-scented they were with the odors of the byre and the twist.

The days passed, my ears atingle for the sweet music of song and story that would reveal some of the magic of the Celtic twilight; but I was yet too much a stranger. By and by it came: at intervals, as an echo, like a ghost, like the pale wraiths of clouds that each morning passed from the sides of the purple hill beyond the valley, to their trysting in the sea.

I sensed its approach when my grandmother would be speaking to me. My father was dead fifteen years; but she would cease conversing with me in English to lapse into Gaelic, and they told me that then she talked to my father. To my father! She must have seen him beside me, then. I remembered how often he had said, in the tremendous logic of an Irish bull: "The Irish have their best foot foremost into the hereafter." How could one have one's best foot foremost into the hereafter? My childish mind had often wondered. Now I knew. She was old and very near the portal; she saw the other world, although she lived in this.

Daytimes we rose late, and hunted the hares with the lurcher and some lads from Shranalee; our boots were wet with the tall heather of the hill. There was a cromlech on its crest, fringed with wild juniper and heather; Druids had sacrificed there, and the Irish warriors had made it an ambush in their last vain stand against the Danes, hundreds of years before. And by it was a fairy forth—a tiny green circlet of sod. No foot might intrude upon that enchanted spot.

". . . It was Midsummer Eve the hound and myself strayed upon it," said Celia, "and I heard the fairy fiddles of the forth. 'Twas natural music, Terry, and the tune of 'The Dark Valley' was a fool to it; there was that in it would bring life to a dead soul. And I knew I had come upon the enchanted country, and faintness was over me; and soft as the wind's whisper I heard the fer shee calling: 'What ails ye, darlin' stranger?' But I reached for the collar of the lurcher, and him standing back hair bristling at the edge of the forth. And I walk no more upon the hill."

". . . And on a day that hot the sun would be cracking the stone," added Kathie, "myself was on it, and no more care upon me than the blind piper of Castlebar. And I saw eight men coming toward me across the hill, short and heavy, with their trousers in high boots and their coats on their arms; and ginger beards hanging from red faces down their white shirts to their belts. And as they came ferninst there was one with a sootherin' smile and eye bluer than the turf gave me a look bould as murther; and they passed on, speaking a gibberidge I could make no head nor tail of at all. 'Kathie machree,' I thought to myself, 'is it among strangers I am, smuggled out of my native country?' And I turned to look, but there was only the bare hill. And sorrow came over me, for I knew then the sense of what I had seen; and how the whole was only a memory of the world."

"Only a memory of the world!" One thinks of it now, when the Shannon is being dammed, and electric lights will twinkle through the twilight of Mayo. They still recite the rosary in Gaelic at the chapel in Shranalee, the men kneeling on one side, the women on the other. The priest preaches in Gaelic, and reads the Epistle and Gospel in it, too. The Gaelic League is still sending its resident to each village, to live there the while the old language takes on lease of life. One wonders, though; these are parlous days for ancient languages, and radio communications are widening, making one common language increasingly desirable. Perhaps it is fated that, if so, the old speech is still to linger only as a memory of the times that were, a sort of twilight cloaking an alien tongue with subtle transformations, with the old mystic magic that a brasher, newer day will soon drive from the western hills, from Mayo.

A SUSSEX CHARTERHOUSE

By JOSCELYNE LECHMERE

EMBOWERED among glorious Sussex woodlands stands the great pile of St. Hugh's Priory of Park Minster. For a score of miles around the lofty tapering spire of its great conventual church is an outstanding landmark. On many a night during the Great War when warning searchlights picked out the surrounding country and the huge ramparts of encircling downs above, I have listened three miles away to the note of its great bell sounding clearly stroke by stroke at eleven o'clock. "He watching over Israel slumbers not nor sleeps!"

This house, the sole English representative of the Carthusian order, was commenced almost exactly eight hundred years from the time Saint Bruno founded his famous monastery of the Grande Chartreuse amid the loneliness of Alpine snows. This parent house, forcibly quitted at the French Revolution, was reoccupied in 1816 and once more left desolate as a result of Combes's Association Law in 1901.

The history of English Carthusians is one of which Catholics may well be proud. Theirs was the only corporate body to resist the claims of Henry VIII. When their sun went down in a blood-red sea what time the invincible Prior John Houghton the Blessed and his companions surrendered their lives in defense of the Catholic faith and its Apostolic See, it might well have seemed an end to the English Charterhouse. But as in the case of the Carmelite order, a remnant survived, first at Sheen during great Mary's fostering reign, and thereafter, when the light of faith was once more extinguished, at Nieuport in Flanders. In 1831 this English branch finally died out, and it is to French effort that we owe the return of Saint Bruno's children to England's shores.

Turning up a winding avenue, the long façade of the monastery comes into view. With its gateway and great oaken doors it might be a college building; but the porter is replaced by a lay brother in coarse white serge. What strikes with astonishment the chance visitor who explores the exterior of this

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monastery is the extraordinary range of its buildings. For the cloisters are 2,000 feet in length and abutting on them are no less than fifty separate and distinct houses for the community. Each professed monk occupies his own dwelling which includes a living room, a sleeping apartment, an oratory, and a plot of garden ground.

Only to proceed to the community services in their priory church or for the purpose of the weekly communal walk does the Carthusian leave his dwelling. Each member's food is served daily by one of the lay brothers through a hatchway. Technically speaking, only one meal is served daily. Meat is absolutely barred; fish is only permitted in illness; on Thursdays and Fridays eggs and cheese are allowed. Otherwise, unbolted bread and cooked vegetables form the staple diet. A bottle of wine is allowed to each inmate, but this consists of a thin liquor so diluted with water as to be scarcely recognizable as ever having contained the juice of grapes. Collation consists of the food and wine left over from dinner. A Spartan diet truly!

Yet the community boasts of such health and longevity that a special government commission sought leave of the prior to visit his house to learn details of a mode of life which proves so salutary even from the physical point of view. The community's doctor informed this present writer that Carthusians seemed never to die of disease as do folk in the world. Like the votive tapers, they seem to go on to the last shred of vitality and then gently flicker out.

A contemplative order mainly given to prayer, study and contemplation, the Carthusians also practise manual labor and spend a certain time each day in tilling their little gardens. Each afternoon they assist at Vespers in the great church, to the tribune of which men visitors are admitted. At seven o'clock they retire to rest but are called at eleven, when each monk recites in his oratory the Office of the Blessed Virgin. Toward midnight the long procession of white-robed religious, each carrying a lighted lantern, proceeds to the church for Matins and Lauds, the whole service occupying from two to three hours.

The chapter house is famous for its paintings representing the sufferings of English Carthusian martyrs in 1535. They consist of a life-size representation of Christ crucified, flanked on each side by vignettes showing the successive scenes of the martyrs' way. Underneath is the striking inscription, "Ibant caudentes." These pictures have been described as terrible, but they are not so to the Carthusian who passes below them. He would be willing to undergo the same sufferings in a like cause.

It may be here mentioned that the Carthusians give most lavishly to numerous works of charity. Foreign missions, churches, hospitals and almshouses all over the world are the recipients of this order's munificence. Their charity has provided also at Park Minster the lovely little Chapel of St. Rosalie, where two Masses for the laity are celebrated each Sunday and holyday. The Mass differs slightly from the ordinary. The celebrant recites prayers at the altar's north end before proceeding to the center for the "Introibo." No bells are rung and Holy Communion is given through a grille after the second Ablutions, no "Confiteor" being recited.

For ten happy years of what it pleases me to think of as my "Carthusian" life, I had the joy of assisting at a laity Mass before an altar which at Christmas is more like the Manger of Bethlehem than any I know, proceeding thither along roads in summer bordered by avenue-like belts of greenest woodland which contained even on days of keen frost a sun-warmed and sheltered corner wherein to enjoy my coffee after Mass.

THE PLAY AND SCREEN

By RICHARD DANA SKINNER

I Love an Actress

CHESTER ERSKINE, who has done so well as a "dynamic" director of such theatrical events as "Subway Express," has suddenly turned from salty American drama to one of those Hungarian nothings which Budapest produces as rapidly and thoughtlessly as a champion hen lays eggs. They are all alike, save in the individual polish of their scenes, the suavity of their cynicism and in their verbal dexterity. In such matters, Molnar happens to be about the best of these Hungarian toy-makers, and, at least, Molnar did write "Liliom"! But as to quality of themes, there is little choice to be made, at least among the many comedies imported and adapted for our American stage. There is nearly always a lady whose morals, at best, are a matter of convenience, and the traditional two males, one of whom is apt to be old and a bit ridiculous and the other charged with youthful impetuosity. A few drippings of sugary sentiment, an occasional touch of honest feeling, a peppering of sophisticated remarks and an ardent love scene in or near a bedroom go to make up the required material of the play. The plot is highly artificial through deliberate exaggeration, and ends, for American purposes, at least, in wedding bells.

"I Love an Actress," by Laszlo Fodor, and adapted and staged by Chester Erskine as producer, follows the regulation formula in every respect. It lacks the sparkle of Molnar's dialogue (in so far as ideas can lend sparkle) and utterly lacks verbal grace and ease in the translation. The phrases are stilted, many of the speeches are too long, and even its traditionally twisted humor rolls heavily along. The excuse generally offered for such fare, and by no means an acceptable one, is that the very artificiality and exaggeration of plot and situation render the basic ideas harmless. I admit that there can be witty filth and dull filth, but the adjective does not change the essential nature of the noun. A scene of attempted seduction remains just exactly that, and nothing else, whether it be done in clay, marble or alabaster, and whether the man in question be an old blackguard or a young man furiously and romantically in love. If the characters we are asked to sympathize with care nothing at all for the things that count in life, then the play becomes all the more destructive from that very turn given to our sympathies and from the utterly false values created.

In the present play, a beautiful actress is besieged by two men, one of them a wealthy banker who wants her to become his mistress and later amends his proposition to marriage, and the other an impoverished young engineer who wants her as his wife but is quite impatient concerning details of marriage. That she locks him in her bedroom and escapes to a friend's house is merely an act prompted by indecision and fear. And so it goes.

The only real importance of "I Love an Actress" must be found in the technical work of Chester Erskine as director, and in the work of Muriel Kirkland and Walter Abel in the two leading parts. Ernest Glendinning as the banker is so excellent as to need no special comment. But Walter Abel does so much better than usual, and Muriel Kirkland falls so far below the standard she ought to maintain as to suggest something a bit unbalanced in Mr. Erskine's directional methods. Mr. Abel's part is one requiring quick and impetuous action, and he is the last actor one would expect to see in such a rôle. Mr. Erskine knows how to bring out action, however, if nothing else, and

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has limbered up the sedate Mr. Abel to a surprising degree. The part of the actress, on the other hand, demands unusual subtlety, variety, change of pace and authority. Miss Kirkland, who did admirably in that most unadmirable of plays, "Strictly Dishonorable," either lacks the capacity for such a part, or has been directed by a very unsensitive hand. She talks most of the time in a harrowing monotone, suggestive of anything but the accomplished actress she is supposed to represent in the play, and wholly lacks authority in the few scenes demanding it. She is at her best solely in the quieter and more sentimental scenes. For the rest, Mr. Erskine's direction shows his customary flare for detail in mass action, as in the opening scene in a modernistic department store, and in the closing scene in a railroad station. But he is no match for a Guthrie McClintic or a Dudley Digges in the more placid and human scenes. (At the Times Square Theatre.)

Alexander Hamilton

IT MAKES little difference whether you see George Arliss as Disraeli or as Alexander Hamilton. It is only in such a play as "Old English" that he takes the trouble to be something other than his suave and meticulous concept of a statesman. He uses the same mannerisms, injects the same kind of pungent witticisms (for he is co-author of "Hamilton") and leads up with measured tread to the same kind of theatrical climaxes. Those who remember the last scene in "Disraeli," where the prime minister waits for his audience with the queen and receives a telegram which he is afraid announces the death of his wife, will note an instant resemblance in the last scene of "Hamilton." After facing every sort of intrigue and risking a public scandal about his private life for the sake of his "assumption bill," Hamilton is visited by a score of notables. He thinks they have come to demand his resignation and to announce the defeat of his bill. The kind of suspense created is identical with that in "Disraeli." But, as in "Disraeli" his wife comes to his side just as he thinks her dead, so in Hamilton, he finds that the notables have come to congratulate him on his courage and to announce the passage of his bill. The last scene of "Disraeli" is climaxed by the appearance of Queen Victoria in splendor. The last scene of "Hamilton" is climaxed by the entrance of President Washington.

I mention these facts because they confirm a growing impression that for all the impeccable distinction of his work, Arliss is less of a creative artist than a master craftsman. He knows all the tricks of the stage and screen. His sense of the theatre is excellent. But neither as dramatist nor as actor does he seem capable of sinking into the depth of character nor of bringing out the simpler human values in a situation without the aid of elaborate theatrical trappings.

In many respects, however, "Alexander Hamilton" is an important contribution to the screen literature of early American times. It does succeed in giving a thoroughly authentic feeling of rough post-revolutionary times in and near Philadelphia, also in creating a sense of easy familiarity with James Monroe, Thomas Jefferson and other notables of the period. It almost succeeds in making George Washington credible and alive. It has about it some of the healthy flavor of the tavern and the stage-coach road but it just misses, through its over-condensed theatricalities, in creating the full illusion of life. It never quite escapes the paler light of traditional historical drama.

The story centers around Hamilton's efforts to establish the credit of the young United States by strengthening the federal power and having the central government assume the several war obligations of the thirteen states. It starts with Washington's farewell address to the troops, promising them payment for their services. It then jumps ahead to the time of crisis when Jefferson's doctrines of states' rights were used to oppose extensions of the federal power. Jefferson and Monroe are not made direct or malicious parties to the meaner intrigues against Hamilton, this rôle being left to a senator. But there is a successful attempt to embroil Hamilton with a certain lady during his wife's absence abroad, and the threat of open scandal is used by the senator in an effort to make him abandon his favorite governmental project. Hamilton accepts the challenge, facing the public scandal and the breaking up of his home, rather than betray a matter of national importance. His deep underlying devotion to his wife brings reconciliation in that quarter, and his courage wins him the political support he needs. This is the substance of the play.

As usual, Mr. Arliss has supervised personally all the details of the production, from the selection of John Adolfi as director to the costumes and delightful colonial settings. In the part of Hamilton he is, as usual, the suave and polished statesman, with the power of making such phrases as "the credit of the United States" seem portentous. Doris Kenyon as Betsy Hamilton is utterly captivating, and Alan Mowbray makes a gallant attempt to bring Washington from under the shadow of legend. Morgan Wallace as Monroe and Montagu Love as Thomas Jefferson, Dudley Digges as the senator and Lionel Belmore as General Philip Schuyler, Hamilton's father-in-law, are all competent. The picture as a whole is creditable work. It lacks only the freshness and originality with which a truly creative playwright might have approached the stirring scenes of that period. (At the Hollywood Theatre.)

Five Star Final—on the Screen

LOUIS WEITZENKORN'S furious outburst against tabloid journalism was one of the plays considered for last year's Pulitzer Prize. It had all the merits and a few of the defects of brutal indignation, recounting the tale of a double suicide brought about by the probings of a yellow sheet into the life of a woman who, twenty years before, had murdered the man who deserted her after a promise of marriage. After giving birth to his child, she had later married a bank clerk, with whom she settled down to a quiet and remote existence. It happens that the very day the tabloid decides to rake up her past is the day set for her daughter's marriage to the son of a wealthy manufacturer.

The real center of the story, however, turns out to be the character of Randall, the managing editor of the tabloid who, while accepting high pay from Hinchcliffe, the owner, despises his methods and motives. In the screen version, Randall is played by Edward G. Robinson, erstwhile greatest character actor of the Theatre Guild. Mr. Robinson is a thoroughgoing artist, although Hollywood, which generally casts him in gangster rôles, may not realize the fact. His list of Guild achievements includes the lecherous Caesar of Shaw's "Androcles," the virile General Diaz in "Juarez and Maximilian," Smerdiakov, the epileptic, in the "Brothers Karamazov," and, above all, the insane hero of Pirandello's "Right You Are if You Think You Are." I venture to predict that if Hollywood will ever appreciate his versatility and thoroughness to the full, he will soon rank in the memory of motion-picture audiences with the late Lon Chaney and with Emil Jannings. His part in "Five Star Final" is not one to tax his real artistry beyond routine limits, but it is a masterpiece of restrained authority none the less. (At the Winter Garden.)

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COMMUNICATIONS

FOR THE WELL-BORN

Sutton Coldfield, England.

TO the Editor: It is disappointing to find your normal discrimination at fault in accepting at its face value one of the most gratuitous assumptions of the eugenists. I refer to your statement in the editorial of August 5 that "the increase of feeble-mindedness is a threat to the social order."

Who has discovered this increase and threat? Surely on the whole those interested parties who seek thereby to prove the necessity for sterilization, eugenic segregation and ultimately the lethal chamber. There is at least grave doubt as to the reality of increase or threat. In England they can be explained by the constantly shifting standards applied by those interested parties. They invent infallible tests. Then they refine on them. Now they are saying that persons may pass the tests and still be defective. A principal English authority has recently stated that "many of the feeble-minded appear quite ordinary, not only to ordinary people, but even to experts, until very careful examination is made." Are Catholics in America so satisfied with their experts as to dispense even with criticism?

You accept also the assumption that mental deficiency is caused by the abeyance of "natural selection." In England at least, mental deficiency appeared instantly upon the heels of the highly efficient natural selection of Victorian industrialism. Have you no parallel explanation based upon something equally real?

Apart from morals and social order, sterilization and eugenic segregation depend for their validity upon the ability to predicate the purely hereditary origin of mental deficiency, and upon the ability to forecast its incidence with certainty. No reputable biologist is prepared to do either at present. You say, with what authority I know not, "the remedy advocated by all who respect [the Church's] authority is segregation." Has it escaped your notice that eugenic segregation is condemned by "Casti Connubii" quite as definitely as sterilization?

I think you suggest the Catholic remedy yourself. It lies in the restoration of the family and of the moral and material buttresses of the family. Under a Catholic system mental deficiency as a separate problem need not exist, and therefore eugenics as a separate problem need not exist.

Must we use, to express the Providence of God, a word of such highly unpleasant antecedents? Why not call the bluff?

H. ROBBINS.

A LESSON FROM SPAIN

King's Park, N. Y.

TO the Editor: You printed in the August 19 issue of THE COMMONWEAL, a plea for a "competent agency to bring Catholic facts and conditions to the secular world on at least equal terms with the news and conditions which reflect and represent the activities of the avowed enemies of the Church." We have very plausible reasons, for a motive, to organize a Catholic agency. But it seems to me that to call on the bishops to "consider how best to broaden the new service" is not fitting, especially since the proposed agency "need not consider in this connection, doctrine and philosophy." Is not anything outside of these two latter fields strictly the work of the layman?

Of course the bishops, as individual Catholics, would encourage such an undertaking, just as they would encourage the first Catholic publisher or religious articles store. It would be a Catholic work, and it would be a business of journalism based on "truth and not special pleading." The Catholic periodicals and THE COMMONWEAL, as I see it, are based on truth and special pleading. They are carrying on a propaganda *pro fide*. The bishops are bishops for the propagation of the Faith. Would they not be sacrificing spiritual tasks, should they turn to this business of a Catholic fact agency?

Every intelligent Catholic realizes the need of such an agency. Every intelligent Catholic can aid the leaders in this work. You yourself who gave us those articles on "Catholic Publicity," aroused an interest, in showing the necessity for this agency. No doubt the bishops in the various dioceses would be glad to announce to their flocks such an organization. Useless, though, I think, to expect the bishops to initiate the program, because it proposes a business in facts and conditions, not an undertaking of doctrine and morals.

LEO J. WASHILA.

UNITED BUSINESS

Woodhaven, N. Y.

TO the Editor: Much has been and is being written on the labor question. In the issue of THE COMMONWEAL of August 19, 1931, the following is stated: "It is still a competitive order in which we live, and an employer who supported his employees on a scale where everyone had a car in the garage and a chicken in the pot, as hopefully envisaged by Mr. Hoover, while rival employers did considerably less than this, would be not a philanthropist but a fool. . . . Any amelioration of present employment such as the five-day week can be successful only if equally applied to all competing plants. The spreading out of work to be done which would result from a five-day week, the increase in purchasing through the diffusion of the purchasing power which would redound to the advantage of the whole economic machine, could reasonably be achieved only in concert, and it is difficult to see how—without a political dictatorship of industry, which would be inexpert—other than by some respected and effective council of business men, concerted and coöperative steps are to be taken."

While the above appears logical, some of which is a theoretical fact, history has answered the question satisfactorily.

When organized labor endeavored to reduce the hours of labor every step was challenged and fought—"it could not be done economically." Hours per day were reduced from ten to nine, from nine to eight (it was a severe struggle to get the eight). Then to the forty-four-hour week, and in some instances to the five-day week. How? By agreement (or contract) of a very great majority. Agreement between organized employers' associations and labor associations.

And organized labor upholds competition! Each employer knows what his competitor pays for labor—both pay the prevailing rate of wages, placing competition on a fair, legitimate basis.

While organized labor has its abuses, it has paved the way for shorter hours and better working conditions. It is frequently admitted today that the lessening of working hours would materially help to solve present problems. In this way the working man would benefit by the progress of machinery.

To organized labor also must be given due credit for penalizing unnecessary Sunday work, thereby giving mankind opportunity for rest and recreation, and for observing the day in a fitting manner.

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Again, organized labor, by charging extra for overtime has afforded work for many seeking employment. Many employers instead of working men overtime have a larger number working or have a night force or shift, which is most beneficial since it increases the number of workers.

Then, too, members of organized labor who are employed are assisting the unemployed members. An illustration of this is found in the composing rooms of the newspapers of Greater New York. Members of Typographical Union No. 6 are taking off one day each week, thus giving a substitute an opportunity to work. The book division is paying a special assessment to assist in a financial way.

The guilds of the middle ages, which are spoken of so highly, were somewhat similar to labor organizations of today. The fact that chaplains were appointed to the guilds manifests the interest taken by the Church and acknowledges thereby her approval of those organizations.

Owing to the loose standards and the lack of true Christianity which prevent true accord with the counsels of Pope Leo XIII and the present Pontiff on this all-important question, organized labor is imperative for the stabilizing of mankind.

EDWARD J. MCCARTHY.

BANK FAILURES

Toledo, Ohio.

TO the Editor: Bishop Karl J. Alter of the Diocese of Toledo is confronted with a problem which should interest readers of THE COMMONWEAL and the heads of all Catholic charitable agencies in America. Recently five banks in this city closed their doors, and parish funds, together with moneys administered by the various Catholic charitable organizations, are tied up in these banks.

Permit me to quote from an address delivered by Bishop Alter shortly after the collapse of the Toledo financial institutions. "Caring for the poor will be a case of self-preservation," Bishop Alter said. "People who have been out of employment for two or three years have become desperate; the underlying trouble is the uneven flow of money between the producer and the consumer; factories are taking away from the consumer more money than they are giving back and immediately and eventually an impasse is reached."

I cannot think of the words of this Catholic prelate without recalling that not very long ago if a man were in need of money and could not be accommodated at a bank he was thought to be a fit subject for charity. Now, however, with five of the major financial institutions in the city of Toledo closed because certain men in this community ranked dividends above character, we shall be forced to fight to bring about some organic change; a change which shall so modify prevailing conditions as to give the common people, in some form or another, an opportunity to reach a place where they may make the greatest contribution to the public welfare.

Certainly when it becomes necessary for a Catholic bishop in the United States to issue a call to the leading business and professional leaders in his diocese, a call to greater service in his practical fight for justice, we may be sure that we are facing a situation in this country that must be met with fearlessness and faith. The citizens of Toledo have faith in their city because we have men here who can and will contribute to a satisfactory adjustment between the poor of the city and the few individuals who have not been touched by the bank failures, and we want the world at large to know that we are going to handle this situation ourselves.

IRA R. COLE.

THE IRISH PROVE THEIR SANITY

St. Marys, Kan.

TO the Editor: John Moody's "The Irish Prove Their Sanity" fails to indicate the real reason for the unique position of the Irish Free State in the present international maelstrom. It is not Catholicity or Irish governmental genius. It is the form of government they are using—the Hare System of Proportional Representation.

Superficial observers of the revolution that turned Cincinnati from the second worst-governed city in these states into the best-governed large city in the world consistently make the same mistake and ascribe the feat to "the city manager idea, you know." The fact is that the core of that revolution was the adoption of the Hare System of Proportional Representation.

The mercurial Irish, out of governing practice for centuries, the better half of its population emigrated, have the oldest elected ministry on earth. In the eight years since Cosgrave (never with a majority in the Dail) has held office, England, America, France, Spain, Germany et al. have changed leaders in pin-wheel fashion. Unlike Russia, Spain, Italy, United States, Germany, France, the Irish have stayed out of the public print since 1923, a most significant fact when you realize what the public reads. This year more American citizens emigrated to Ireland than Irishmen emigrated to America. I believe that this is the first time in history this has happened in any country since Columbus brought those Indians back to Spain.

Mr. Moody has done a service by calling attention to the route by which Ireland is leading the nations out of this international chaos.

It would be well that the public read the guide book that Ireland is using. It is "Proportional Representation" by Hoag and Hallett, on the shelves of any up-and-coming library or purchasable at the Proportional Representation League, 311 S. Juniper Street, Philadelphia.

REV. EDWARD DOWLING, S.J.

SOCIAL JUSTICE

Rochester, Minn.

TO the Editor: What would this plan do for social justice? Put a maximum on all incomes. Permit the first $20,000 to earn and keep 10 percent, all above 10 percent to be paid into the public treasury. Make it 8 percent for the next $20,000, 6 percent for the next $20,000, all capital above $60,000 to earn enough to pay 1 percent and taxes.

No earned income should be more than twice the average individual earned income of the nation. Any income above that would be paid into the public treasury. Then compel every person who has an income to carry insurance against the vicissitudes, and for the necessaries, of life, according to his income and dependents. No person has a moral right to put burdens on society that he can avoid.

This plan would be better than Socialism with the murders and destruction of property that attend its establishment. No person has a right to a lot of money he cannot use. Capital must give society a square deal or Socialism will supplant it in time. And society must compel its members to bear their own burdens as nearly as possible.

Organized labor is as much to blame as business and industry for the present financial depression.

I have read every plan that has been proposed in the press. Not one of them asks for a square deal for all. Every one of them asks to favor a class.

J. E. MCCUTCHEN.

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BOOKS

Quebec in Pastel

Shadows on the Rock, by Willa Cather. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

THIS is so rich a book, so full of life, yet so simple, that criticism of it is difficult because there is so much to be said about so many important things, that I scarcely know how to express my sense of its beauty, its truth, and its goodness, within the limits of a brief review. It has a quality similar to that of the best folk-lore, in which a story that is almost naive is yet so deeply rooted in the ultimate mystery of human life, and the simple incidents are yet so suggestive of inner meanings as to become mystical in the best sense of the word, full of haunting undertones and overtones of spiritual values, like a parable in Scripture. Or its quality might be likened to the effect produced by pure music: some composition loyal in every note to the almost mathematical laws of music, yet in which the individual genius of the composer is unmistakably present, stamping it with the seal of a unique character, and through the channel of its originality opening up a way into the spiritual world of ideal things.

Willa Cather always remembers that the primary virtue of art is what Blake called "the bounding line"; the design, the form; unlike Blake she does not break her own rule anywhere —certainly not in this book—so that her vision never becomes vague, or confused. So she has written a story, full of many stories; all human; which may be read by simple souls or subtle souls alike, and which many among both types will undoubtedly return to over and over again. It is a permanent addition to literature; it belongs to the very small group of novels which triumphantly proves the innate worthiness of that badly abused art form.

Quebec, when the great governor, Frontenac, was ruling over the forests and rivers which the Kingdom of France was attempting to colonize, and the great bishop, Laval, was ruling for the Church which among those rivers and forests was seeking to colonize in behalf of the eternal kingdom; Quebec, a French town transplanted to a barbaric wilderness, bringing the law and order, the arms, the civilization, the culture of the dominant race of old Europe—this is the scence of the book. The reader enters the governor's mansion or the bishop's austere palace rarely; mostly we are in the house or the shop of Auclair, the apothecary, in company with Cécile, his little daughter, who cooks the chicken and prepares the salad for her widowed father, and chats with him about their relatives and friends in far-away France, or about the ships that will come from there, and the things that are happening in the town. There is a hunter and woodsman, Pierre Charon, who loved one who became a nun—but not a gentle teacher in a school, nor a nursing Sister, nor even a cloistered contemplative, but rather a hermit, practising frightful austerities, like the legendary figures of the days of Antony of Egypt; yet she does not seem fantastic; she expresses the quintessence of that spirit of ascetic mysticism which in all ages exists in the Church. This woodsman in the end marries Cécile, after episodes and scenes in which priest and soldiers, woodsmen and nuns, and all the characteristic types of the French colony come and go, with the seeming haphazardness of every-day life, without a trace of artificial arrangement, yet in their totality they illuminate and explain old Quebec as volumes of history could not do.

I think this book is the fruit of a long period of brooding. Obviously, years of study went into it. Miss Cather knows her period thoroughly; better still, she understands it; moreover, it is from today, in the spirit of modernity, that she looks backward; and looks forward as well. For although this story happened in the past, it could happen, indeed it is happening, today, as it will tomorrow, and the morrow after that. For it is humanity that is the stuff of her book, humanity with its sins, and sorrows, but especially its virtues: courage, fidelity, kindness, courtesy. It is humanity conscious of its source and its end in divinity. The shadows on the rock of Quebec are those events, and those living men and women, all quite real, moving and acting in time and space, yet shadows of eternity, at once symbols of and actors in the endless story of life everlasting.

MICHAEL WILLIAMS.

Russia after 1870

Glimpses of High Politics: The Autobiography of N. V. Tcharykow. New York: The Macmillan Company. $5.00.

THIS might have been a most interesting book, if the author had tried to forget the traditions of the Russian Foreign Office, and made up his mind to initiate us entirely into its diplomacy. As it is, it is pleasant, and even instructive, reading. But one regrets that M. Tcharykow has followed too closely the principle which inspired Russian diplomacy in the last thirty years of the preceding century, the principle that everything would go on well provided the country adhered to the tradition that she ought to save the Slavs, while forgetting and neglecting to save herself! It was this tradition, scrupulously followed by the last two Ministers for Foreign Affairs of the czarist régime, M. Izwolsky and M. Sazonov, which finally destroyed Russia, and brought about the triumph of Bolshevism. M. Tcharykow seems at times to realize this though he does not acknowledge it.

In his descriptions of his early existence and the life which the Russian nobility led previous to and immediately after the liberation of the serfs, he attempts to initiate his readers into the intricacies of an education conducted upon Western as well as Eastern lines, rather than to draw their attention to the picturesque aspects of the life of the ruling classes.

M. Tcharykow was at heart a perfect type of the old Russian bureaucrat, and his autobiography is that of a bureaucrat, conscientious, painstaking, but entirely deprived of the flash of genius that alone fashions statesmen. He was inoffensive, well bred, a perfect gentleman, and an excellent diplomat. The diplomacy which he represented managed to obtain some brilliant successes. Thus it secured for Russia the conquest of Central Asia, with Merv and Bokhara, and M. Tcharykow is justly proud of his share in this and of the fact that it was achieved without violence, simply through intelligent persuasion. His descriptions of the years he spent in Central Asia are his most interesting ones.

As a whole the book is singularly colorless. On the other hand, it is an honest work, that never lies, even when it does not tell the truth. It could have been inspiring and is not. The author, in his desire to show himself charitable to everybody, neglects to say the things which might have made it really worth while to peruse, and which he undoubtedly knew. There are no high politics in it, and hardly any glimpse of the real politics of the nineteenth century. It is only a personal story, told entirely from the personal point of view, and it is as pleasant as it is commonplace, with at times a share of triviality —the triviality of the old-school diplomat who imagined he was making history, while in reality he was only looking on.

CATHERINE RADZIWILL.

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Irish Emigrant

Broken Hand: The Life Story of Thomas Fitzpatrick, Chief of the Mountain Men, by Leroy R. Hafen and W. J. Ghent. Denver: The Old West Publishing Company. $5.00.

THOMAS FITZPATRICK (1799-1854) was a County Cavan man whose family fortunes were ruined in the Rebellion of 1798 and its suppression by the Orange yeomanry. A Catholic, he was perforce educated in the hedge schools under refugee classical scholars. Emigrating to seek an adventurous fortune in America, he labored at odd jobs and on public works in the East, until the call of the free West brought him to St. Louis of the old French aristocracy and of restless furmen of various races and castes. In 1823 he joined General William Ashley's expedition to the Yellowstone. For sixteen years, this was his life on the plains and hills: trading with the Indians, convoying loads of beaver by pack and raft to St. Louis, winning as "Broken Hand" and later "White Hair" the respect of the tribesmen for his honesty as a trader and his prowess as a hunter and a fighter, gaining the friendship of such rugged Western characters as Sublette, Clyman, the cunning Yankee, Jed Smith, Bridger, Leavenworth, Carson, Ogden and the like, following the Oregon and the Santa Fé trails, and marking new paths in the Stony Mountain region. Few men were better known to chiefs, sutters, soldiers and bullwackers along the Missouri and the Platte, when, about 1840, Fitzpatrick became a guide and scout. The stations and forts which he knew are now cities named after his associates, generally lesser but more acquisitive men.

In 1841, he led Father De Smet's party to the country of the Flatheads. A year later, he escorted the Oregon parties of White and Hastings to Fort Hall in modern Idaho. Many immigrant parties to Oregon owed their successful arrival to Broken Hand. He also aided the Mormons when they made their settlement near the great Salt Lake. Frémont sought him out, in 1844, when he was following the broken trail from Bent's Fort by way of the old Spanish trail to California and through California to Fort Sutter back to the Oregon trail. Later he led Abert to Santa Fé and served Kearney as a scout. For his share in pushing the frontier westward he was rewarded with an appointment to the Indian agency of the Upper Platte and Arkansas. Unlike many political agents, he did not make a fortune, but his fair dealing won the love of the tribes. In 1851, he negotiated treaties with the Cheyennes, Arapahoes and Sioux at Laramie, and he dealt with the wild Comanches for the government, thus bringing peace to the frontier by treaty rather than by sword.

Unlike most of the old traders, he had no concubines; but he married (1849) Margaret, the half-breed Arapahoe daughter of John Poisal by the Snake Woman, and like a true Democrat named his first-born, Andrew Jackson. While on Indian business in Washington, Fitzpatrick died leaving a small estate.

This is the story which the authors tell in a fascinating way, as they make the volume larger by incorporating much interesting information concerning men and affairs in the West. Their pride in the subject is evident, for in a sense they have found Major Fitzpatrick and pieced his story together. In this there was difficulty for while he wrote good reports, he said little about himself. He may not, as the authors maintain, have been greater than the popularized Carson and Bridger, but Broken Hand is worthy of a page in the history of the West; and, if his peace program had been followed, the long Indian wars preceding Custer's last fight might have been avoided.

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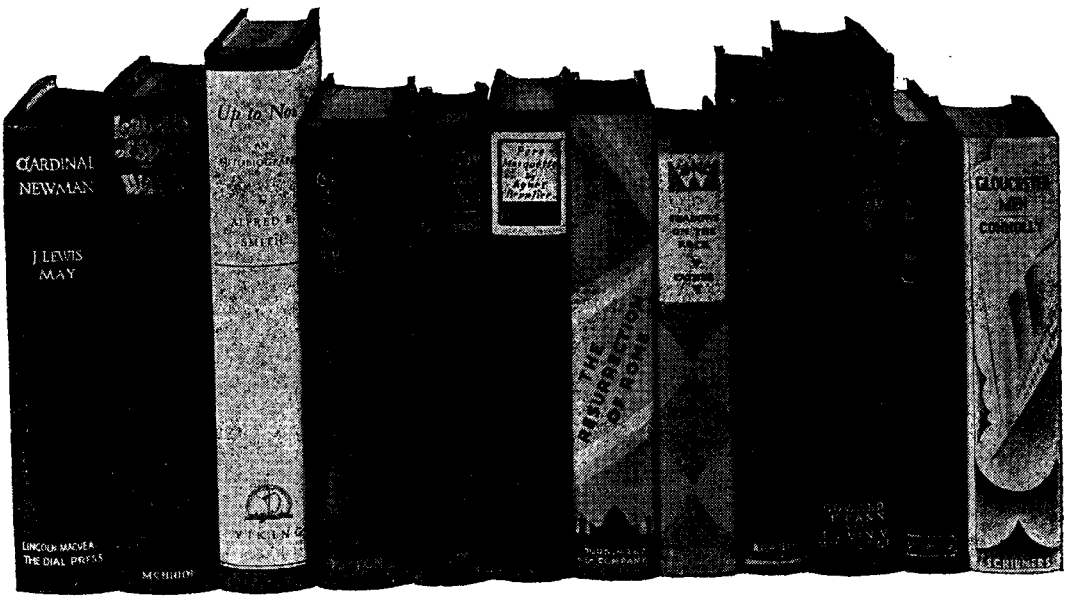

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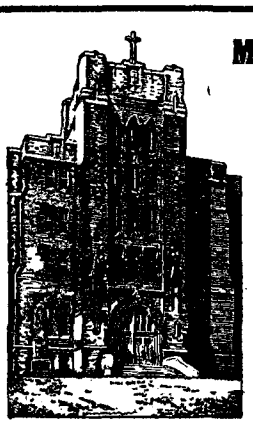

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What Is Art?

An Introduction to the Language of Drawing and Painting, by Arthur Pope. Volume I: The Painter's Terms. Volume II: The Painter's Modes of Expression. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. $3.00 each.

DEFINITELY to analyze and to appreciate the organization of tones, lines and design in drawing and painting are the object of modern art criticism. In these two volumes, veritable models of the bookmaker's craft, Professor Pope has dealt, first, with the theories of color and, secondly, with the broadly recognizable types of drawing and painting technique. The third volume is to deal with the principles of design and the fourth, and final, with "the processes and procedures of drawing and painting."

Professor Pope's books may be highly recommended to the kind of observer who unvaryingly "knows what he likes," who has formed his taste upon the subject-matter of a picture, although the drawing in it may be faulty and the colors inharmonious. Such an observer will be benefited by reading of the relationship between different colors in volume one. He will be interested in Mr. Pope's color circles and tone harmonies but ultimately somewhat puzzled, as I confess I am and many painters might be, by the author's discussion of scaled palettes and other abstract diagrams. The description, in volume two, of the sorts of drawing (delineation, form-drawing and color-value drawing) and then of the sorts of painting (the modes of line and local tone, of relief, the Venetian mode and the mode of total visual effect) will be vastly instructive. Such information, and special facts gleaned by the way on, for instance, why the work of Monet, Renoir, and Dodge MacKnight is so vital or why still-lifes, as Monet and Manet organized them, approach the acme of aesthetic ability or why much modern painting since the end of the eighteenth century is muddy, will delight the observer who has been hitherto undiscriminating.

On the other hand, the critic whose whole aesthetic existence has been lived within the purlieus of these theories will not be greatly stimulated. He may long to go outdoors and paint just what he sees as exactly as he can. But, by and large, there are not many students who would not be helped.

Professor Pope is almost at his best when he explains Chinese and Japanese subtleties in line and tone and when he discusses the different types of drawings in volume two. Here the illustrations have been chosen with great care and are in every way admirable. A concluding chapter on modernistic painting is a clear demonstration of the incommunicativeness of much of this art.

JAMES W. LANE.

Honoring an American Scholar

William Henry Welch at Eighty: A Memorial Record of Celebrations around the World in His Honor; edited by Victor O. Freeburg. New York: Milbank Memorial Fund.

THIS is a record of a series of tributes to a distinguished American scientist on his eightieth birthday. Dr. William H. Welch, formerly professor of pathology and now director of the Institute for the History of Medicine at Johns Hopkins, is probably the best-known and the best-liked teacher in the country. His influence has been felt all over the world.

Besides the celebrations held in many parts of the United States, there was a meeting in his honor at the headquarters of the Health Section of the League of Nations in Geneva, and Dr. Arnold Klebs gave a dinner at his home in Nyon, Switzer-

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land, which was attended by representatives of nine different countries. Two hundred members of the English medical profession, many of them of special distinction, assembled at the London School of Hygiene and Tropical Medicine to hear an illustrated lecture on Dr. Welch and his scientific achievements by Sir Andrew Balfour, director of the school.

On the other side of the globe in Peking, China, the Union Medical College gave a dinner in honor of Dr. Welch on April 8, 1930, which was attended by sixty guests including the ex-Premier of the Chinese Republic. In Tokio at the Kitsato Institute a special luncheon was attended by nearly a hundred guests all of whom stood while a formal tribute to Dr. Welch was made.

In Paris there was a luncheon at the Hotel Crillon, arranged by the Pasteur Institute where Professor Welch had studied. He had studied also in Germany and his German colleagues of the present day were quite as enthusiastic in their greetings as the French. The Robert Koch Institute sent its message of heartiest good wishes to the "successful investigator, teacher and organizer of our science who has been the intermediary between German and American research." The Berlin Medical Society elected him an honorary member for the occasion.

All of this is presented in a memorial volume beautifully printed. There is a geniality about the greetings to Dr. Welch which shows how tender were the feelings of the American contributors to the volume, so many of whom think of their old teacher at Johns Hopkins affectionately as "Popsy."

JAMES J. WALSH.

A Good Dog

The Pooch, by Ross Santee. New York: Cosmopolitan Book Corporation. $2.00.

THIS book is the autobiography, so to speak, of a pedigreed wire-haired terrier in the great open spaces of windy light where, if men are men, dogs must indeed be dogs. His name was Spike, and he was saved from his breed's fate, the life of a show-dog, in the effete East by casting his canine kingdom in the wild droums and grassy billows of the West, far away from clean floors, scented soaps and unchewed furniture. Whither his cowboy master went, Spike followed through thick and through thin.

Spike was lucky in his interpreter, Mr. Ross Santee, who has on the whole avoided the not-uncommon tendency of sentimentalizing over dogs and attributing to them almost human motives and reactions. This the author infers to be quite unnecessary, holding that looking at a dog as a dog leads really to a better understanding of this noblest species of God's brute creation. We learn that for a dog one of the cruel mysteries is being beaten for some unwitting trivial misdemeanor; that dogs are often "spooked" by things beyond human ken, causing "folks to misunderstand us when we bark at something they cannot see or hear, especially at night," and that "a dog always knows how people feel toward him, no matter what they say."

This rollicking saga of Spike shows a dog with his bad and his good points, but he was the best dog he could be and he faced death for his master with the sense of loyalty that transcends the grave, which set this reviewer to wondering why it is that, when a man does something disloyal to his kind, we usually call him "a dog." A most diverting book worthy of its subject, of interest to all dog-lovers (including those who do not understand dogs) with an especial appeal for boys. It is charmingly illustrated by the author.

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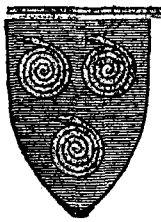
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Briefer Mention

John Henry, by Roark Bradford. New York: Harper and Brothers. $2.50.

THE AUTHOR of "Ol' Man Adam an' His Chillun," which was the basis for the now justly famous play, "Green Pastures," here turns from the Christian Negro to the purely pagan, or unregenerate, Negro with his idylls of pagan *virtus,* of heroic strength and virility, and his pagan melancholy and depths of despair. John Henry is the Gargantua, or Paul Bunyan of the Negro. "I'm big and bad and six-foot tall and I works like a dog, and hit ain't no man kin shade me," is his constant refrain. "I hold my haid up like a natchal man, and I kin tote my burden," he declares, and does successfully until such times and mortal complications when the preacher, old Hell-buster Henry, says truly, "Hit ain't a man in dis old town kin shade you wid a burden. But git a burden on you' heart and watch out whar you wanders." So John Henry gets hit by religion, which resolves his troubles, and his story ends on an epic note where he dies in trying to shade a steam winch in hauling cotton onto the steamboat, Big Jim White. Mr. Bradford has an incantational manner of writing which has a hypnotizing effect. Unquestionably the book ranks high as a "natchal" work of art and time will probably prove it to be a classic of its genre.

Pan's Parish, by Louise Redfield Peattie. New York: The Century Co. $2.00.

THE DELICATE charm and quiet mischief of this parable of Pan's return to a faraway province in the French vinelands, will undoubtedly appeal to readers of cultivated literary taste. It may not be quite so successful with readers of probing, philosophic minds. Mrs. Peattie has all sorts of good company in her impulse to bring back the gods, from the bards of the Venusberg to Walter Pater when he went questing in Picardy. But even a good tradition, backed by a good style, is not sufficient when one is exploring the opposition between the natural forces of life and Christian revelation. Well enough to have Pan step in and rectify the various tragedies of frustration and lifeless conformity which Mrs. Peattie submits to his potency. But when he is confronted by an ardent young priest, zealous for God and strong in the Faith, and the confrontation is resolved by Pan's taking away his reason so he may be happy forever unoppressed by human wickedness, one's sense of history asserts itself—lumberingly enough, one readily confesses, in the midst of Mrs. Peattie's gossamer. That is not the way the confrontation actually *was* resolved. Wiser were those who anciently recorded that a cry resounded on all the seas: "Great Pan is dead!"

CONTRIBUTORS

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